California and Her Indian Children

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CALIFORNIA AND HER INDIAN CHILDREN

BY CORNELIA TABER

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1911

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BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL

DEDICATION

To my mother

ANNA F. TABER

who through many shut-in years worked unceasingly with pen and with needle for the Indians of California, and whose sympathetic encouragement made possible the preparation of this book.

40897

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Facts You Want to Know About California Indians.

No. of Indians in California			19,839
" " "	on Reservations	North	1,944
" " "	" "	South	3,416
" " "	" Allotments	North	2,800
" " "	" "	South	488
" " "	" Forest Reserves		3,000
" " "	" lands owned by Indians		300
" " "	" lands owned by whites		250
" " "	provided for by government appropriation		5,500
" " "	soon to be thus provided for		1,200
" " "	still unprovided for		941
			19,839

Education.

No. of Indians of school age		3,600
" " "	receiving education	2,100
" " "	without educational opportunities	1,500
		3,600

Government Schools.

Boarding Schools.

Northern California		4
Ft. Bidwell	capacity	120
Greenville	"	80
Round Valley	"	120
Hoopa	"	130
Southern California		2
Sherman Institute		550
Ft. Yuma		100
		1100

Day Schools.

Northern California		8
Likely		
Manchester		
Upper Lake	average capacity 30	
Ukiah	(Attendance much	
Tule River	less)	
Bishop		
Big Pine		
Independence		
Southern California		14
Martinez		
Coachella		
Malki		
Soboba		
Santa Ynez		
Cahuilla		
Pechanga		
Pala		
Rincon		
La Jolla		
Mesa Grande		
Volcan		
Capitan Grande		
Campo		

Government Field Matrons.

REQUA, Humboldt Co. Mrs. Hamilton.
EUREKA, Humboldt Co. Mrs. Alice M. Peebles.
UPPER LAKE, Lake Co. Mrs. Alexander.
LOOKOUT, Modoc Co. Mrs. Marion E. Wolf.
SUSANVILLE, Lassen Co. Miss Edith M. Young.
MIDDLETOWN, Lake Co. Mrs. C. A. Johnson.
TUOLUMNE, Tuolumne Co. Miss Eleanor Tebbetts.
COARSE GOLD, Madera Co. Mrs. H. M. Gilchrist.
CAMPO, San Diego Co. Miss Seward.

Indians in California on Reservations.

Humboldt County,		
Hoopa	436	
Klamath Strip	745	1181
Mendocino County,		
Round Valley	607	607
Tulare County,		
Tulare River	156	156
In Northern California,		1,944
Santa Barbara County,		
Santa Ynez	62	62
San Bernardino County,		
San Manuel	53	
Palms	23	76
Riverside County,		
Malki	270	
Palm Springs	42	
Mission Creek	5	
Pechanga	186	
Cahuilla	152	
Santa Rosa	74	
Saboba	141	
Ramona	none	
Cabezon, Coachella, San Augustin, Toro, Alamo Bonito, Durbrow, Agua Dulce, Martinez, and Figtree John's	308	
		1,178
San Diego County,		
Pala	205	
Pauma	54	
La Jolla	125	
Rincon	84	
San Pasqual	86	
Mesa Grande	193	
Volcan	169	
Los Coyotes	126	
Inyaha and Cosmit	33	
Capitan Grande	79	
Los Conejos	58	
Syquan	37	
Campo	69	
Cuypaipe	29	
Laguna	8	
La Posta	6	
Manzanita	84	
Fort Yuma	655	
		2,100

On reservations in South, 3,416
On reservations in State, 5,360

Non-Reservation Indians in Southern California.

San Bernardino County,		
Chimehuevis	208	
Mohaves	280	488

(These Indians are under Government officers whose headquarters are in Arizona and have been included in totals for Arizona, but the Indians live in California.)

Distribution of Non-Reservation Indians in Northern California by Counties.

Alameda	35	Mariposa	190
Alpine	200	Mendocino	1,555
Amador	181	Modoc	753
Butte	322	Mono	536
Calaveras	125	Monterey	79
Colusa	155	Nevada	66
Del Norte	256	Placer	103
El Dorado	291	Plumas	488
Fresno	444	Shasta	981
Glenn	67	Sierra	45
Humboldt	1,597	Siskiyou	877
Inyo	1,062	Sonoma	369
Kern	300	Tehama	115
Kings	122	Trinity	278
Lake	618	Tulare	231
Lassen	472	Tuolumne	201
Madera	670	Yolo	42
Marin	100	Yuba	55

Total number of Indians distributed through 36 Counties in 257 bands, 13,991
Grand total in State, 19,839

Missions.

COLUSA, Colusa Co. Rev. F. G. and Mrs. Beryl Bishop Collett.

Moravian

BANNING, Riverside Co. (Morongo, etc.) Rev. and Mrs. Wm. H. Weinland.
MARTINEZ, Riverside Co. Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Delbo.
RINCON, San Diego Co. Rev. and Mrs. D. J. Woosley.

Presbyterian

NEEDLES, San Bernardino Co. Rev. A. C. Edgar.
HOOPA, Humboldt Co. Rev. S. C. Gilman, Miss M. E. Chase, Miss Funk.
GLENBURN, Shasta Co. Mrs. Lucy A. Gay.
CHICO, Butte Co. Mrs. John Bidwell.
NORTH FORK, Madera Co. Rev. Alexander Hood.
BISHOP, Inyo Co. Rev. W. N. Price.

Methodist

SMITH RIVER, Del Norte Co.
GREENVILLE, Plumas Co. Rev. Mr. Armstrong.
ROUND VALLEY, Mendocino Co.
UKIAH, Mendocino Co. Rev. J. N. McAllister.
POTTER VALLEY, Mendocino Co. Rev. Mr. Wilson.
UPPER LAKE, Lake Co. Rev. H. H. Buckner.
YUMA, Imperial Co. Rev. Mr. Crouch.

Baptist

AUBERRY, Fresno Co. Miss Ida M. Schofield, Miss Emma Christensen.

Episcopal

Three stations in the South for teaching lace-making.

Facts You Ought to Know About California Indians.

193,000 Indians died between 1834 and 1908. This decrease was due to white aggression and crime; and can be stopped by humane measures:

1. By Missions to teach the gospel to the 10,000 native Pagans of California.
2. By purchase of homes for those in need.
3. By co-operation with government to stop Liquor Traffic.
4. By education for children.
5. By hygienic instruction by Field Matrons.
6. By medical attendance and supplies for sick.
7. By proper food and clothing for infants and instruction to mothers in care of same.
8. By better Public Sentiment which will recognize Indian Manhood and Womanhood and protect them in the common rights of humanity, including School Privileges for every Indian child.

Wanted.

1. Men and Women to work in Indian Missions and as Field Matrons.
2. Missions — $800 would pay a Missionary's salary.
   $1000 would build a chapel.
   $600 would build a mission cottage.
3. Sunday schools to be organized by local churches for neighboring Indians.
4. Cooking and sewing classes for Indian women and girls.
5. Supplies for Field Matrons—including medicines, sewing materials, bright pictures, and household decorations.
6. Christmas boxes which will carry in a concrete form a message of peace and good will.

What is your **CHURCH** doing for **California Indians?**
What is your **CLUB** doing for **California Indians?**
What are **YOU** doing for **California Indians?**

For information, literature, etc., address

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INDIAN ASSOCIATION

Mrs. S. W. Gilchrist, President, 460 North Third St., San Jose, Cal.
Mr. C. E. Kelsey, General Secretary, 145 South Whitney St., San Jose, Cal.
Miss Cornelia Taber, Corresponding Secretary, Saratoga, Cal.
Mrs. A. S. Bacon, Treasurer, 99 South Priest St., San Jose, Cal.

INDIANS AT THE THIRD ZAYANTE CONFERENCE, AUGUST 4-6, 1908.

(First Christian Indian Council)

Robert Parrish Edward Connor James Kash Kash

Wm Benson

Capt'n Sherwood

FOREWORD

THOUGHTS ON THINGS ETERNAL

Y greatest spiritual need is to have God with me. If His presence, His grace be within my soul, then all else is, or will be, right.

But this blessing cannot remain mine, if I accept or try to use it in any selfish way, or for any personal end. God comes to me, not for my own sake so much as for the sake of making me able to help my brethren. He makes me strong that I may strengthen them; He makes me know that I may teach them. If I fail thus to use His presence, I will lose it.

Nor must I be satisfied with my efforts for my brother unless I am ministering to his greatest need. That greatest need, like my own, is to have God with him. So my unchanging aim must be to bring to my brother God's presence; to bring him into that Presence. Until I have done that, God's purpose in coming to me is not fulfilled.

If I do not try to help my brother in this best way, then I am, in effect, driving God away from myself.

Hence come my frequent failures, my coldness, my deadness, my loss of the peace and the strength which I have known. I have taken them for my own, and tried to keep them so, or have used them only for the lesser needs of others. And they have gone.

Let me remember then, that if God is to be and remain with me, I must realize that the waters of His grace within my soul are not a pool, however fair and beautiful, beside which I am to sit and contemplate His beauty and the blessings which He sends, but a spring of water, springing up into everlasting life, whose waters must flow out to satisfy the greatest needs and to supply the greatest wants of my brother's soul.—*(North Dakota Sheaf.)*

California and Her Indian Children.

I.

HISTORY

Area. From the mountainous Oregon line on the north to the plains of the Mexican border on the south, California stretches her regal length of nearly eight hundred miles. Her area of one hundred and fifty-eight thousand square miles more than equals the entire island domain of Japan. Her great central valley would hold all of New England, while New York and New Jersey would not suffice to fill the remainder. Within her borders are great mountain ranges with lofty peaks perpetually snow-capped and great desert wastes 200 feet below sea level. Mighty forests clothe her hillsides, giant power is in her rushing streams, well nigh unlimited fertility is in her alluvial soil, to which irrigation is yearly adding great stretches of territory redeemed from the desert.

Climate. The climate of California varies from the semi-tropical conditions in the south to the almost arctic cold of the high Sierras, where snow lies thirty and forty feet deep in the passes during the winter. Along the coast, the northwest trade winds moderate the heat of summer, while the Japan current softens the asperity of the northern winter, producing a copious rainfall.

Fertility. Climate and soil under varying conditions allow the cultivation of almost every variety of vegetation. "Fair as the garden of the Lord" is sunny California. Fair and fertile she has ever been, with a food supply abundantly sufficient for a large population. "Doves, ground squirrels and rabbits, antelope, elk and quail were plentiful, while the rivers and sloughs abounded in water fowl and teemed with mussels and fish. Wild oats covered the land and acorns abounded, while along the Sierras, berry bearing manzanitas and nut bearing pine were added."

Native Population. Reliable authorities tell us that California, at the time of its discovery, contained a larger native population than all the rest of the country combined. Estimates vary from one hundred thousand to seven hundred and fifty thousand. Doctor C. Hart Merriam of the Biological Survey places it at two hundred and sixty thousand; more than two hundred dialects were spoken, classified by ethnologists into twenty-two or twenty-three

linguistic stocks. Hundreds of half obliterated sites of villages, which in the early days were thriving communities, testify to the large population. In spite of the great variety of race stocks, the Indians of California were on the whole similar in manners and customs. Minor differences, partly the result of environment, marked them to a certain extent, and they may be divided into four more or less distinct groups.

1st. The great central body of those living between Point Conception and Cape Mendocino and between this coast and the Sierras.

2nd. The Indians of the northwest centering around the lower Klamath.

3rd. The Indians of the Santa Barbara coast and islands and adjacent territory.

4th. The tribes of the Colorado river.

Speaking generally, the Indians of California were a peaceful, primitive people, living in conical huts of brush and tule, or sticks and bark, subsisting easily upon the abundant food supply. Clothing consisted of garments of shredded bark and tule and, in some localities, the skins of fur-bearing animals. They had no tribal government similar to that of the more eastern Indians. Each little village was independent of the rest, claiming hunting, fishing and food-gathering rights in the lands adjacent. Similarity of language was sometimes a common bond and family government was recognized. There was little tendency to hold property in common and individual ownership was the ordinary custom. The great man of a village would be the one who had accumulated the most deer and bear skins, the most feather ornaments, the most wampum of sea shells. They hunted, they fished, they played games, they danced and they sang.

The Second Group, the Indians of the Northwest, seem to have been rather more advanced. Their food was more varied, their rectangular houses of hewn logs with circular openings for doorways, more complex. Besides their beautiful basketry, they made rude carvings on wood and elk horn. Instead of rafts of logs or tules, they had dug-out canoes made from hollow trees. Their dead were buried instead of being burned. Wealth played an important part in their lives, and money payment could assuage wounded feelings, or purchase a bride as well in this primitive community as in some others. Instead of the little perforated discs made from clam shells which were used as money by the Central Indians, these in the North used dentalia, long hollow, tooth-like shells. Woodpecker scalps, obsidian implements, and unusually colored deer skins were also used in barter.

In the **Third** enthnographical province, that of Santa Barbara, the Indians are either extinct or the few survivors are civilized, but

they seem to have resembled the Northwestern group.

The **Fourth** area, the Colorado bands, partook of the characteristics of their geographical neighbors, those on the East shading off into the Indians of Arizona, the others toward the Indians of the great Central region.

Arts. Basketry was their principal art. The coiled basketry of the South and the twined basketry of the North showed fine workmanship and much artistic skill in ornamentation. The designs were conventionalized representations of natural objects, the interpretations being pattern names. Picture writing was unknown among them. They made no pottery except in the extreme South. Rope and string were everywhere used, but woven textiles were made nowhere in the state. Their work in carving was exceedingly crude.

Religion. Religious beliefs and ceremonies varied somewhat in the different areas; all united in attributing life, intelligence and supernatural power to all living and lifeless things. Restriction (taboo) and superstition governed practices connected with birth and death and other important events in life. The possession of supernatural power by "medicine men" (Shamans) was a belief common to all. The Indians of the Central area seem to have had a more or less defined belief in a beneficent Creator-Spirit, whose plans, however, might be frustrated by a tricky sprite, the Coyote. The Indians of the Northwest, on the other hand, believed that they owed all their knowledge and customs to a previous, now vanished race. Myths abounded, as among all Indians. There was a belief in a life hereafter, but unaccompanied by any idea of rewards and punishments. Connected with the mourning ceremony, in some places, was a scattering of grain on the earth accompanied by chanting, to explain, that as grain falls to the earth to spring up again into life, so those who have died will live again. As everywhere else, the practice of Shamanism in California centers about disease and death. Disease was supposed to be caused by some small material objects supernaturally present in the body. By incantations and sucking the affected part, the Shaman pretended to remove these, and he would show pebbles or other little objects in his hand in proof of his success. His supposed powers gave him almost unlimited influence which was often used despotically.

Public Ceremonies. The public ceremonies were of various kinds. The annual Mourning for the Dead, called "Burning" or "Cry," was of wide-spread observance. This lasted for one or more nights. Crying, wailing, singing, and perhaps exhortation, led up to a grand holocaust of personal possessions—baskets, clothing, food, etc.—to furnish the spirits of the departed with needed provision, or merely as offerings of affection. The tribal dances, particularly in the Northwest, played an important part in Indian life.

The Woodpecker, White Deerskin and Brush dances of the Northwestern Indians were great occasions for display of wealth in dancing regalia. These dances were supposed in some way to propitiate the Powers Above, prevent disease and insure a good food supply.

Early History. While to the Spaniards in search of a Northern passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic belongs the honor of the discovery of California, it is in the records of Sir Francis Drake, antedating the mission documents by two hundred years, that we find the first account of the meeting of the white and red races in California. "Welcome, Englishmen," was Massoit's greeting on the far-off Atlantic coast, and it was with every sign of friendship and veneration that the children of Nature received these strangers when Drake and his men landed at Point Reyes, June 17th, 1579. "Approaching them, they stood as men ravished with admiration at the sight of such things as they had never before heard or seen, seeming rather to reverence them as deities than to design war against them as mortal men, which they discovered every day more clearly during the whole time." * * * A while after, "their King, with all his train, appeared with as much pomp as he could," and tendered to Drake the overlordship of the country, placing on Drake's head his own "Crown of knitwork wrought curiously of feathers of divers colors and of a good fashion, and enriching his neck with chains," made of bone. All honor to good Sir Francis, who received this submission in the name of his Queen, endeavoring to recompense the Indians for their various gifts. "Lifting their eyes and hands toward Heaven," he and his men sought, like Paul at Lystra, to turn the thoughts of these pagans from the creature to the great Creator of all. Sorrowfully the natives saw these wonderful beings finally depart, and reluctantly Drake left this people "of a loving and tractable nature, seemingly ready to accept Christianity if it could be preached and made known to them." Century has been piled on century since these words were written. What do their stories tell of the "loving and tractable people," and the great strong race to which were given the pure white banner of freedom and the oracles of God?

Mission Era. Like a strain of distant music wafted down through the years to our prosaic age, is the story of the coming of the Padres to California. We see it all in a haze of romance; sunny skies seem ever bending above the graceful arches of the missions nestled among verdant fields; the silvery chime of bells floats out over the valleys; processions of devout neophytes wind along the olive bordered highways; content and plenty reign. We kneel in thought beside Father Junipero as, with cross uplifted high, he claims the land for God and their Catholic Majesties. One by one the Missions, twenty-six in number, extend along El Camino

Real, like a chain of lights in the darkness. The dream of a kingdom of God on earth seems realized. Love to God and a great yearning for the souls of men impelled these fathers to deeds of daring, to the more difficult toil of patient endeavor, year after year. They found a childlike, pagan race, subsisting with little effort in a land of plenty. They sought to train this race in labor and in faith, for the good of their souls and the advancement of Holy Church. But their system belonged to an age that was passing. Far away across the wide prairies, beyond the snow-capped mountains, a battle was being fought—the battle for freedom, for manhood rights, and in the great symphony of the race the song of the free was to supercede the chant of the neophyte. It was in 1768 that Spain determined upon the colonization of Upper and Lower California, and in 1769, the first expedition started, Father Junipero Serra leading his little band of missionaries, escorted by a body of soldiers, under the leadership of Governor Portola. The Scriptural injunction to "compel them to come in" was literally followed. The Indians were made to live in quarters within the mission bounds and punished severely for migratory offenses or failure to perform religious duties. They were taught agriculture, and at least some knowledge of arts and handicrafts, architecture and stock raising, and, in individual instances, reading, writing and music. Always a free people, the Indians complained bitterly of their state of virtual peonage. In 1822, Mexico won her independence from Spain and the support of the missions languished. Finally, in 1834, the crushing blow of secularization fell. The missions had been in operation during but two generations, and the work of civilizing the Indians was still incomplete. One by one the missions were abandoned, the Padres sailed mournfully home and the strong hands that had guided and controlled the Indians were removed. Joyously at first, they hailed their new-found freedom and sped back to the lands formerly occupied by their fathers, only to find these already claimed by Spanish and Mexican settlers. Grown helpless by enforced dependence, they were no match for the strong new race and they melted away like dew before the sun, in the pitiless warfare of the survival of the fittest. A feeble attempt was made to reserve some land for them, but this proved ineffective. Some fled to the mountains, but most perished where they were, and of the thirty-four thousand converts claimed by the mission records, we find but three thousand descendants today. Doctor C. Hart Merriam of the Biological Survey estimates the shrinkage of the native population throughout the state, between 1834 and 1849, at one hundred and ten thousand, which represents the appalling rate of seven thousand a year. It is some satisfaction to us as Americans that this decrease occurred under Mexican rule.

American Occupation. By the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848, Mexico ceded her rights in California to the United States. We who have seen the unfurling of our beloved flag bring life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to the Islands of the Sea, can scarcely credit the awful tales of bloodshed and rapine that mark the inrush of Americans into California with the discovery of gold. By 1852 the white population of California was supposed to be over two hundred thousand—men, for the most part, strong and masterful. Traditions of two hundred years of Indian warfare and memories of conflicts in the wilderness journey with the warlike tribes of the plains who were fighting for their homes, made these newcomers see an enemy in every redskin.

"The Indians were armed only with bows and arrows and the miners were well armed with the best firearms of the day. As the Indians were also heavily outnumbered, their case was hopeless from the start. Owing to the many languages and dialects, united action on the part of the Indians was impossible. No general war resulted, but a great series of skirmishes and misunderstandings took place.

"The Indians, of course, would meet any aggression or insult in the usual savage way, by retaliating on the first white man whom they met; then the miners would find it necessary to band together and wipe out the offending village. This was usually done by surrounding the Indian camp at day-break and shooting everybody who appeared.

"We do not know how many of these affairs took place in California. Something like ninety or a hundred of them have been reported, and there are Bloody Creeks and Bloody Mountains and Bloody Rocks all up and down the state. In some cases the Indians undoubtedly were the aggressors. In the majority of instances, however, the Indians do not seem to have been the original aggressors, and in a number of cases the outrage upon the Indians was undoubtedly wanton, for the purpose of securing the Indian lands for cattle, and in some cases, it is said, for the purpose of securing Indian children for servants—or, to speak less politely, slaves."

One instance of incredible outrage which took place in 1856 or 1857 was related to Dr. Merriam by an eye witness. "A gang of cattle and hog men took it upon themselves to drive the helpless Taches and other tribes from Tulare Lake and lower Kings River to the Fresno reservation. Men, women and children, including the sick and aged, were hurriedly driven through mud and water during the height of the rainy season by brutal men on horseback; many fell out and perished by the way, and those who reached the hated destination and afterward escaped, returned to find their food caches appropriated for the hogs, and, on making their pres-

ence known, were themselves hunted down and quietly "taken care of" by the whites.

Indian Right of Occupancy. At the time of the transfer of California by Mexico to the United States, land titles were guaranteed as they stood. Spanish and Mexican law recognized Indian right of occupancy and they could not be legally evicted. The Act of Congress which provided for the settlement of titles to Spanish and Mexican grants, imposed upon the Commission appointed to make the settlement, the duty of first setting apart for Indian use all lands occupied by them, thus recognizing Indian right of occupancy as in other parts of the country. In but two cases, however, among several hundred grants, was this done. Spanish grants and Mexican law affected about one-fifth of our Indians. For the body as a whole, attempts were made to provide otherwise.

Treaties. In 1851, a Government Commission travelled about California under military escort, making treaties with the California Indians. Four hundred chiefs, representing about one hundred and fifty bands, practically all in California, signed these treaties. They were all similar in tenor. The Indians agreed to cede to the Government of the United States their rights in the land; to keep the peace; to accept the sovereignty of the United States, and to take certain reservations, eighteen in number, aggregating about 5,500,000 acres, described in the treaties in metes and bounds. The government on its part, agreed to pay the Indians certain sums in goods, amounting altogether to about $2,500,000. It also agreed to reserve for Indian use forever the reservations specified. These eighteen treaties were never ratified by the Senate of the United States and so, in the Governmental view, never became operative. Notwithstanding this, the Government has since the date of the treaties proceeded exactly as though they were **valid** so far as the Government itself was concerned, and **invalid** so far as the Indians were concerned; for though the Government has taken their land and disposed of it to the settlers, and taken every other advantage which could arise from the treaties, the Indians never received a single dollar of the price promised, nor any of the reservations laid out in the treaties. The Government did, however, attempt to establish a few reservations by executive order, most of which efforts failed. Two or three of the bands who were goaded into open war received small reservations of land, but the great body of the California Indians who kept the peace, and incidentally, kept the treaties, received nothing—we may say worse than nothing. In 1902 the Northern California Indian Association heard of the treaty made with the Korus on the Sacramento, and interested Senator Bard in the subject. He caused a thorough search to be made in Washington, finally unearthing all the treaties from the secret

archives of the Senate, where they had slept unknown even by the Department, for more than fifty years.

Evictions. From the American occupation in 1846, to the passage of the Indian Allotment Act in 1887, it was impossible for an Indian in California to acquire land from the public domain, and in those forty years everything worth taking had been appropriated by white settlers, including in most cases the very lands the Indians were settled upon. The Indian was not a citizen of the United States, and therefore could not homestead land. He was not an alien, and therefore could not be naturalized and acquire the right to take up land. In 1875 an act was passed for the purpose of allowing Indians to homestead land, but the restrictions were so many that the act was of little value in California. Here and there some white friend was found to help the Indians to comply with the intricate requirements of the law and thus obtain a home, but such instances were few and far between. At first it did not matter so much when a white settler filed on the land occupied by the Indians and ejected them by due process of law but, as the years went on, it became increasingly difficult for an evicted Indian to find any place where he might be welcome. There is hardly a band in Northern California that does not have its tale of repeated evictions. The sufferings of the Temecula Indians, which so stirred the heart of Helen Hunt Jackson, have had their counterparts in nearly every band in Northern California. As late as the winter of 1910, a body of Indians were evicted near Healdsburg, being turned out, shelterless, in the midst of an unusually wet season. They took refuge under a county bridge until the river rose. Later they were cared for by the Government, and now have a piece of land for homes. Dr. C. Hart Merriam tells us, that "The principal cause of the appallingly great and rapid decrease in the Indians of California is not the number directly slain by the whites, or the number directly killed by whiskey and disease, but a much more subtle and dreadful thing: It is the gradual but progressive and resistless confiscation of their lands and homes, in consequence of which they are forced to seek refuge in remote and barren localities, often far from water, usually with an impoverished supply of food, and not infrequently, in places where the winter climate is too severe for their enfeebled constitutions. Victims of the aggressive selfishness of the whites, outcasts in the land of their fathers, outraged in their most sacred institutions, weakened in body, broken in spirit, and fully conscious of the hopelessness of their condition, must we wonder that the wail for the dead is often heard in their camps?"

QUESTIONS

1. Describe the characteristics and habits of the primitive California Indians. What can you say about numbers? Language?

2. How long was the Mission period of California history? What did the Mission Fathers accomplish?

3. What were the results to California Indians of the creation of the Republic of Mexico?

4. What were the results of American conquest and occupation?

5. How were the Indian lands of California acquired by the whites?

6. Give some provisions of the treaties. How have they been fulfilled?

II.

PRESENT CONDITIONS, OUR RESPONSIBILITY, OUR OPPORTUNITY.

It is a relief to turn from the story of sins, of omission and commission, and to think of the efforts, limited and inadequate though they be, to atone for wrong-doing and to lift up the people we have done so much to debase.

We may study hopefully this phase of the Indian subject. It is for no dying race that these efforts are put forth. With the help of even what has already been done, California Indians are now holding their own numerically. There is no reason why they should not increase in this state as they are doing in the Middle West, when they have equal advantages with those Indians.

Government Schools. First in order of time were the schools established by the Government. These were placed among the bands that had made themselves known by agitation. At the present time, there are day schools on all the reservations in the South, and in nine localities in the North. There are four boarding schools in Northern California and two in the South. All are doing good work, some of the teachers being veritable missionaries to their charges. Sherman Institute is particularly fortunate in having a Missionary teacher, Miss Westbrook, whose influence for good can scarcely be estimated.

Public Schools. There are probably six hundred children in the public schools of the state, but racial prejudice shuts out the majority. In some localities there would not be enough children for a school were it not for the Indians. Under these circumstances the Indian children are welcome, but this is not the case in many of the more thickly populated communities. Before the law was changed, forbidding the counting in the school census of the names of children not in attendance, many a school profited by the names of little brown children who were never allowed to attend its classes. In one district the people were very proud of their fine new schoolhouse, the best in the district, built with the state and county money allowed for Indian children who never entered its doors. The right of Indian children to an education has been recognized by both state and Federal authorities. When sympatheti-

cally taught by one who will take the trouble to overcome Indian shyness and arouse the latent ambition in the new paths of learning, it is conceded that they equal and often surpass white children of similar age. In spite of these facts, however, less than half of our 2800 Indians of school age in Northern California have a chance for an education, the rest, about 1500 in number, being left to grow up in ignorance, a menace to themselves and to us.

Modern Missions. **In Southern California** the Indians are largely the descendants of the Mission Indians, and thus nominally Roman Catholics. There are, however, some very successful Protestant Missions among them. The Moravians have three Missions, at Morongo, Martinez and Rincon, with added preaching stations. The Presbyterians have a Mission among the Mojaves, on both sides of the river at Needles, and the Methodists, among the Yumas, at Yuma. The Episcopal Church has three stations for teaching lace-making among the Southern Indians, and undoubtedly much Christian influence radiates from the faithful teachers. Homes have been transformed by that cleanliness which is akin to godliness, because of the necessity for absolute neatness in handling the airy product of the deft fingers.

In **Northern California,** the Roman Catholics have Missions among the Indians in the southern end of Lake County, near Kelseyville and Guidiville, and at Carroll and Hopland in Mendocino County, and some smaller stations. These reach about 800 or 900 Indians. The Methodists have Missions at Upper Lake, Potter Valley, Ukiah, Round Valley and Greenville. The Presbyterians have Missions at Hoopa, Glenburn, Chico, North Fork and Bishop. The Congregationalists hope soon to open a Mission in Modoc County. Altogether these Missions have less than 2,000 adherents, with as many more who may have had some instruction. This leaves at least 10,000 who have not even a nominal connection with any Mission or school where Christian influence can reach them. The new Mission and school at Colusa are doing fine work under Rev. F. G. and Mrs. Beryl Bishop Collett. At Middletown in Lake County, a Sunday School is carried on by some members of two of the local churches. If such Sunday Schools could be opened for all of our Indians, the problem of carrying the Gospel to these heathen at our doors would be quickly solved.

"Wherever the white man, from the beginning until now, has been just and kind, and the Missionary has remembered his Master's great commission so as not only to disciple and baptise, but also to teach them to observe to do whatsoever be commanded, there have been good Indians."

Some churches have arisen to their opportunity and have, we are sure, been richly repaid. Last year the Indians from the mountains who were picking grapes in the valley, were made wel-

come in the little Baptist Church at Clovis. After the Indians had returned to their homes, one old Indian woman asked the Missionary, "Will the music in Heaven be any more beautiful than the music in the Clovis Church?" The scattered condition of most of our Indians precludes the establishment of large Missions in most localities, but if the Christian people living near them will but go with loving heart and friendly hand, will invite them cordially into their own places of worship, and there make them truly at home, the deed will be "twice blest, blessing him who gives and him who takes." Like the barley loaves and the two small fishes placed in the Master's hand, their own supply of sustaining food will be increased a thousand fold. Fallen among thieves, wounded and well nigh left for dead by the wayside of life, California Indians are sadly in need of "neighbors" who will be Good Samaritans to body and soul. Said an Indian as he flung his pocketbook on the floor of the chapel. "You can see how thin it is, but whatever we have to give, our church ought to give as much for sending the gospel to those who are without it as we spend in providing it for ourselves."

Land for the Landless. Ten thousand Indians, with no claim to the land they were living on, liable to eviction at any moment, and consequently no incentive to improve their homes, living all the time a hand to mouth existence that made the purchase of land impossible for the majority.

This was the condition revealed by the investigation made by the Northern California Indian Association in 1903. Immediate steps were taken to remedy it. A whirlwind campaign of publicity resulted in petitions to Congress, which, in 1906, brought an appropriation of $100,000, later increased to $150,000, and the secretary of the association, Mr. C. E. Kelsey, was appointed special Government Agent, to disburse the money. Under his wise and economical management, 5,500 Indians have been placed in secure homes; 1,200 more soon will be; the extension of the Forest Reserves provides for 3,000 others, leaving about 900, which the Government will probably care for.

The amount of land given to individuals varies with the character of the soil, averaging, perhaps, five acres to each family. The Indians are making good use of it, and the new homes are better than the old ones. The happy spirit of long-deferred hope now realized was voiced by old Captain Tack when he said, "Went on land, I say, 'Tack, this your land, you got home now.' Then I say, 'Tack, you get no home, you got beautiful dream;' When got land, no sleep, no sleep four nights. Feel like bird, have wings, fly." The new homes have not changed the industrial status of the Indians; they still earn their living by days' labor, but they have been given that foothold on the ladder of opportunity which makes a self-respecting life possible.

Southern California. Owing to the agitation begun by Helen Hunt Jackson in the '80s, in her books, "Ramona," and "A Century of Dishonor," public opinion roused itself sufficiently at that time to compel the Government to furnish reservations for most of the Indians in Southern California. Many of these reservations contained thousands of acres, but they were, to a great extent, waterless, arid and stony, with very little land susceptible of cultivation. A large share of the land fund was used in buying tracts of arable land to add to these existing reservations and to provide systems of irrigation with the assistance of the General Irrigation Fund.

Government Field Matrons. Years ago old Sitting Bull appealed to a white friend, saying, "Take pity on my women. The young men can be like white men and work, but the women to whom in the past we owed everything, have nothing left." It was to help the women up the hard road of a new civilization that the Government instituted the Field Matron service, and nobly these women fulfill their mission. In and out of the little cabins they go on their errands of mercy, here caring for the sick, there teaching the mysteries of yeast bread, or the greater mystery of feeding and caring for the little children, always a friend ready to "warn, to comfort, to command," preaching a gospel of soap as well as a gospel of love. Father, mother, preacher, teacher, doctor and nurse, each by turns, the Field Matron must be to the band so fortunate as to possess her services. A Civil Service Examination tests capacity, but only experience can prove the possession of those qualities of head and heart that will ensure success. A ready sympathy is essential, but with it must be firmness in teaching the Indians to develop their own resources and lean on no one.

Supplies. While everything should be done to encourage self-help, there is always much sickness and poverty needing relief, and, as Government appropriations are sadly inadequate, supplies of clothing, medicines, household utensils, and adornments are greatly needed as tools for these brave workers. Years of injustice have bred suspicion of the white man, and it is sometimes only by the gift of a new dress for a little girl, a bright ribbon, medicine or nourishing food for a sick person, that the Field Matron can win the confidence of her Indians. It surely is not right that these soldiers on the firing line should be expected to supply their own ammunition, yet in the face of the dire needs that surround them, this is just what they do, using their own salaries to the utmost limit. No better work can be done by a church or Sunday School than to choose one of them as its "substitute" in the Indian field. Letters will come back that will stir the blood and make the donors thankful for a chance to serve in this warfare "for God and Native Land." These stations are true Missions, for the Matrons hold

Sunday services to which the Indians come eagerly, and day by day, as they go about their work, they carry a message of light and love that is as powerful to transform lives of Indians as of other dwellers in the shadow.

Candidates for this service can obtain all necessary information relative to examinations, salary, etc., by addressing Mr. C. E. Kelsey, 145 South Whitney Street, San Jose, Cal.

Temperance. The Indians assembled at the Second Zayante Conference at Mount Hermon, passed the following resolution:

"We want protection from the liquor traffic. In the early days we did not fight among ourselves and kill each other. But now the white people have brought liquor to us and it is ruining the Indians of California. We are told that there are laws for our protection against liquor, but we seldom get the benefit of these laws. The white man's whiskey makes a bad Indian."

"The Indian people lived here a great many years before the white people came and did not know what whiskey was. We got along well without whiskey, so let us see what Uncle Sam can do for us Indian people," wrote Captain Sherwood.

Federal Liquor Laws. Uncle Sam, in the person of his representative, Chief Special Officer William E. Johnson, has done a great deal. The Act of Congress, approved January 30th, 1897, forbids the selling or furnishing of liquors "to any Indian to whom allotment of land has been made while the title of the same shall be held in trust by the Government under the charge of any Superintendent or Agent, or to any Indian, including mixed bloods, over whom the Government, through its Departments, exercises guardianship." The same Act provides a punishment for any person who shall introduce any liquor into the Indian country, which term includes any allotted land while the title to the same shall be held by the Government. This law covers the newly-allotted homesteads for our landless Indians, as well as the regular Government Reservations.

State Liquor Law. The state of California has a liquor law which makes it a misdemeanor "to sell or furnish, or cause to be sold or furnished, intoxicating liquors to any habitual or common drunkard or to any Indian."

United States Indian Service. Under these laws, Mr. Johnson's department, during the fiscal years 1910, made 265 arrests which led to 233 convictions within the state of California. In the fiscal year 1911 (eleven months), there were 169 arrests and 143 convictions. During 1910, fifty deputies and possemen of Indian blood were used in California operations, and they gave satisfactory service. Unfortunately, although the Congressional appropriation for this work has steadily risen, it is still insufficent to cope with all the needs. Calls from a number of reservations and Indian settle-

ments in Northern California could not be responded to because of the lack of funds. This deficiency will probably be remedied, and we would urge all people who have the good of our Indians at heart and who know of cases of the sale of liquor to Indians, to report the same to Mr. Johnson (Address Mr. W. E. Johnson, Chief Special Officer, U. S. Indian Service, Railroad Building, Denver, Colo.) And when Mr. Johnson or his aids take up such cases, let all decent citizens lend them every possible assistance in their heroic efforts to rid our land of this terrible curse. All of the Field Matrons work unceasingly against intemperance; they, too, should receive all possible help from the white citizens of their localities.

When Mr. Johnson was bringing some cases for trial to the court in San Bernardino, the ladies of the Redlands Indian Association and some of their friends packed the courtroom and, in face of this array of public opinion, the judge could do no less than render a righteous judgment.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union in California has had a department for Indians ever since its representative went into Hoopa Valley at the solicitation of an Indian to report the conditions found there to the Government. The plea of the young redmen for "the white man's laws, the white man's school, and the white man's church," was irresistible to White Ribboners, and their active sympathy has been effective ever since. The dissemination of large quantities of literature and numerous addresses have awakened the Unions, Missionary Societies, etc., to Indian needs, and this has resulted in many Christmas boxes and other help.

The State Superintendent, Mrs. Dorcas J. Spencer (1340 Weber Street, Alameda, Cal.) writes, "Government teachers, Missionaries and Field Matrons need just the help that White Ribboners can give. Begin correspondence with one and you will go on and become a real helper. There is always something to be done for an individual that opens the way to wider influence. Sometimes it is the old who are sick and hungry, a crippled boy or girl to be placed in school, or even a case at law—and there is where Indians are most helpless. The W. C. T. U. has made persistent efforts to suppress the sale of liquor to Indians, securing better laws for that purpose.

"There are piteous tales of Indians languishing in prison because no one was interested in them. One young man shot a white man who stole his wife, and was sentenced to life imprisonment, not knowing a dozen words of English at the time. After twenty years in San Quentin, during which he had made the most of the prison school, he could read and write fluently, had proved himself skilled in industries (he made seven violins in prison), and earned a good name for himself. The W. C. T. U. gained a parole for him,

giving bonds for his behavior. He at once entered the employ of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and on Sundays assisted the Missionary at an Indian rancheria. Of course, a pardon followed, and he is now a useful, law-abiding citizen. Other instances could be given." "I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." Families living on the frontier have an open door of opportunity in this blessed work, and the kindly influence of Christian people is the most civilizing and uplifting agency.

Literature. "The Health Bulletins of the State Board of Health and Education will be sent quarterly to all Teachers of Indian Schools and Temperance literature for young and old will be sent upon request. The Superintendent of work for Indians has a standing offer to send silver or gold medals for Temperance Elocutionary Contests to any teacher of Indian Schools who will write to her of a class in preparation for a contest soon to be held. She has had the pleasure of sending eight or nine silver and one gold medal to the Hoopas.

" The Juvenile Branch of the W. C. T. U., the Loyal Legion, is especially adapted to the needs of Indians of both sexes, young and old, giving by attractive methods, a familiar knowledge of parliamentary usage and the conduct of public affairs, besides fundamental Temperance instruction.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY

Every dweller in California lives where once an Indian lived; our hearth fires burn where their camp fires burned; their whispering voices still haunt the oaks of our valleys, the pines of our mountains.

The white race found the Indians numerous, free, self-supporting, well fed, in good health, with, in many bands, a moral code and religious belief. A century and a half of contact has left them but a remnant in numbers; largely without the legal rights accorded to other races; restricted in occupations; often dangerously near the starvation line; a prey to the white man's disease and the white man's whiskey; debased by the laxity of frontier morals, and deprived, to a great degree, of the sanctions and control of their old religion. Neglected, despised, broken hearted, they fringe our civilization, at once a disgrace and a menace to us as a Christian people. Shall we, can we, sit down in our luxurious, happy homes,

heedless of their claims? No specious reasoning that claims the vesting of the rights of ownership in the man who can best develop the soil will cover the case. In that light, we Anglo-Saxons must give way before the children of the Dragon and the Sunrise, for they make a living where we but plant a flower garden. Eternal values are not expressed in bushels and bales.

Undoubtedly the hand of God led the American people across the deserts and over the mountains for a purpose, but that purpose was not primarily the discovery of gold nor even the finding of a land flowing with milk and honey for the children of the slums. It was the spreading westward of the Kingdom of God, westward to the ocean barrier, which was to hold back its onward progress, until in the fulness of time it should float, white winged, out on the Pacific, carrying light to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. None of us believe that Kingdom to be divided against itself. It cannot mean one thing to the Anglo-Saxon and another to the Indian. Battle, murder and sudden death, homelessness, cold and starvation cannot be the will of the one Father for some of His children, while He designs song and laughter, peace and plenty for others. We are learning pretty rapidly in these days that all men are brothers, and that we are our brothers' keepers; that wealth and ease mean enlarged stewardship—tools to use, not gifts to enjoy; that opportunity is a call to service; that life is not what we get out of it, but what we put into it.

"No man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself."

"Some years ago there happened to be a famine in Russia, the people were dying of hunger, disease made them an easy prey, and influenza fastened upon them. It assumed a contagious and virulent form. Soon it swept over the boundary, and Germany, France, England, finally the United States, were overrun, and many lives were sacrificed to "la grippe." It was Carlyle who said that it made a great difference to the world whether the Indian was thrashing his squaw or not in his tepee, for if the Indian were thrashing his squaw, he was not hunting the beaver, and if he was not hunting the beaver, the fur was growing scarce, and because the fur was growing scarce, the price rose in London, the Metropolis of the world."

OUR OPPORTUNITY

What can we do to make the present better than the past?

1. We can study the Indians, their story, their possibilities and their needs.

2. Among the latter we shall find **a better public sentiment.** Race prejudice is perhaps the worst disability against which our Indians have to contend. It often shuts the Indians out of church and school. It frequently prevents their receiving justice in the courts. It throws over them a pall of contempt that makes self-respect and ambition well night impossible, forcing them into association with the lowest class of whites. This is particularly disastrous in the case of students returned from training schools where they have learned to think and feel and act like educated Christian people. When coldly received by the better class of whites, they become discouraged and "the last state is worse than the first." We can stretch out a friendly hand to these young travelers on the upward way; we can welcome them to church and fireside; we can help them to find occupation; above all, we can believe in them and let them know that we do. The pitiful plea of an old Indian came to us, **"I no animal, I a person. All I ask is a home and a chance to live."**

3. **Prayer.**

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for (them) night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

4. **Christian Teaching.** Fully 10,000 Indians in Northern California have never had a chance to hear the Gospel. They have been taught our vices, but not our virtues. Morality is at a lower ebb than in aboriginal conditions. If we live near Indians, we can carry to them the Message. We can invite them into our churches; we can go to the rancheria or the solitary cabin, and if our friendliness is genuine, we can serve in the invaluable way that the Field Matrons do. Indian women need the friendship of good white women; particularly is this true of the girls. If we live farther from Indians, we can help by prayer, by influence, by money, by supplies.

When Mrs. Bidwell suggested to the Indians at Chico that they establish a Missionary Society, she told them that it was a

society which promised to pass on to others some of the good things they had received themselves. As the women in Christian homes look about them and realize their privileges, the love and respect in which they are held, the training in household ways which they have received, the breadth of interest which is theirs by education, above all the comfort and consolation which make possible a happy life, can they not find much to pass on to others? What contrast could be greater than that between this picture and that of an Indian woman in her tiny board cabin or brush wickiup, in her degradation, her helplessness, her hopelessness?

5. **Medical Aid.** When an Indian falls seriously ill, in most cases he dies because unable to pay the high charges for medical attention, in his isolated home. We may be able to obtain for him the help he needs.

6. **Labor.**—About 60 per cent of our Indians live where there is not a sufficient supply of work and they have to go from fifty to one hundred miles for what they can get, in consequence, many live dangerously near the starvation line. Perhaps we can help them to obtain employment.

The California Indian has a very good reputation for honesty. He may be sent into the field to work alone, and will do his work without supervision, faithfully and carefully. Indians do not put vines in their hops or grapes when packing them. Indians cutting wood can be relied on to pile their logs fairly and honestly. There is no class of labor in California so reliable as Indian labor.

7. **Christmas Boxes.** One of the very best ways to help is by means of a good Christmas box. While many boxes go each year to the schools and Field Matrons, many, many more are needed. Christmas is "the high tide of the year" on an Indian rancheria, and when observed with a joyous celebration which gives opportunity to tell the story that never will grow old, it makes that story comprehensive to child minds by the object teaching given by tangible evidence of the love of fellow men. Old men and women listen with wondering eyes as they hear that story for the first time; little children clasp doll or books or bag of marbles with the eager glee of children who have never owned a toy; while to all, the feast that closes the occasion, teaches a lesson of innocent enjoyment, free from the white man's whiskey and the white man's dances, which have done more to debase our Indians than any of their own so-called "heathen" ceremonies. So let all to whom the coming of Christmas means the birthday of the soul, take part in this blessed service. Clothing new and old, warm bedding, books, pictures, Sunday School rolls, papers and cards, gay ribbons, neckties, handkerchiefs, toys for the children and candy for all, will bring smiles to sad faces and cheer to the hearts of the lonely workers.

We are bidden in our social intercourse to open our homes to those who cannot recompense us again. In our Christmas giving, should we not let the gifts to those in comfort be but simple tokens of our remembrance while we pour our treasures before the Babe of Bethlehem in the persons of "these least, His brethren?"

Information relative to localities and needs may be obtained from the N. C. I. A., Box Secretary, Mrs. C. E. Kelsey, 145 South Whitney Street, San Jose, Cal.

CHRISTMAS AT COARSE GOLD, MADERA CO.

"Until a year ago the Indians of this place had never had a Christmas provided for them, nor did they know why Christmas was kept. They had simply regarded it as a time when the white man did not work, but feasted and drank. They did the drinking without the feasting. When I told them last year that Christmas was celebrated because on that day Jesus was born to be the Savior of the world, they were quite surprised.

"For some time before this last Christmas the Indians would stop and ask me, 'How many days till Christmas?' As the time drew near great was the pleasure manifested. A few days before, an Indian asked me, 'Will we have cake as we did last year?' I told him we would. On Christmas day I rose early, as I expected the Indians would arrive in good time. Before half past eight they began to arrive. I have two rooms in the front part of my house, divided by an arch, a large porch runs along two sides of the house. At one end of the room was a fine Christmas tree prettily decorated. The walls were hung with cedar and Christmas bells. The arch was also decorated with evergreens and a large bell hung down from the middle. Yards and yards of tissue paper chains had been made out of gold and silver paper and hung around the room and tree. It looked very pretty.

"The Indians assembled until by 10 o'clock there were over a hundred. Some walked twelve miles each way to be at the Christmas treat. The phonograph was kept going; the Indians are extremely fond of listening to it. At half past ten I began to distribute the presents. First I darkened the room and lit up the tree.

It was well lighted and looked very pretty. The Indians crowded everywhere to see it. Then to each and all I gave a good bag of candy and nuts and an orange and gifts. After that I gave the girls pretty dressed dolls, pretty little bags containing a handkerchief, some ribbon or some other little thing such as a necklace, or something of the kind. The boys had a bag of marbles, a top, ball, or some other toy. The womens' bags held sewing materials, etc.; the men had mufflers, bandana handkerchiefs, socks and ties. All were happy.

"After presents came dinner. I served it on a table on the porch, placed the dishes, spoons, etc., on it, and the Indians came forward, picked up such dishes and spoons as they needed. I had the stew and dumplings in a large dishpan, from which I helped them. A large pan was full of slices of bread, from which they helped themselves. Then, when they had all the stew and bread they could eat, they had pies, cakes and cookies. Coffee accompanied the eating. How they did eat!

"When the excitement of all these good things had died down, I called all the grown-up Indians together and had a little talk with them. I told them again what Christmas meant, and begged them not to go to the saloon and get whiskey, but to go home quietly, and think of what it meant to them, that God loved them so much that He sent His own Son into the world to save them. They did as I asked them, and on that day there was no Indian drinking in Coarse Gold."

SUITABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Knit or Crocheted Hoods
Knit Scarfs
Knit Reins with Bells
Woolen Mittens
Dolls
Picture Cards
Picture Books
Sewing Bags
Thimbles
Pins
Hairpins
Needles and Spool Cotton
Pin Cushions
Candy
Candy Bags
Combs with Metal Rims
Household Decorations
Clothing (new and old)
Curtain Stuffs
Comfortables and Blankets
Neckties
Handkerchiefs
Toys of all kinds
Balls
Pocket Knives
Table Covers
Pocket Looking Glasses
Pocket Combs
Bright Ribbons
Skeins of Worsted
Pieces for Patchwork
Dress Goods
Scrap Books
Colored Crayons

"You have never Stood in the Darkness"

(Words used by an Indian Chief, as he pleaded that to him and his people might be sent the white man's Book of Heaven.)

"You have never stood in the darkness
And reached out a trembling hand,
If haply some one might find it,
In the awe of a lonely land,
Where the shadows shift so strangely,
And the quick heart beat is stirred
If only a leaf be rustled
By the wing of a passing bird.

"You have never stood in the darkness,
And said goodbye to the wife,
The little child or the mother,
Who have sat in your house of life,
And knew not where they were going,
As the birds who cross our sight,
Flitting within from the darkness,
Flitting without to the night.

"You have never stood in the darkness;
You do not know its awe;
On your land a great light shineth,
Which long ago you saw;
For the light of the world we ask you,
We plead for the Book which shows
The way to win to His footstool,
Which only the white man knows."

Oh voice from out of the darkness!
Oh cry of a soul in pain!
May it ring as the blast of a clarion,
Nor call God's hosts in vain!
By the pierced hand which saved us,
Let ours do their work today,
Till from those who tremble in darkness
The shadows are swept away.

(*The Illustrated Missionary News.*)

A Missionary Creed

"Believing in the infinite Fatherhood of God, the love of Jesus Christ, His Son, constrains us to carry the message of His redeeming love to all His children, our brothers and sisters, everywhere, to the end that His Kingdom may come, His will be done, as in heaven so on earth. And trusting Him for strength and guidance in carrying out our purpose, we dedicate to this cause for which Christ died, our possessions, our abilities, and our lives."

QUESTIONS

1. What provision is there at the present time for Indian education in California? What need for further provision is there?

2. What Mission work is being done for the Indians of California? Where are the Missions situated?

3. How many Indian pagans are there in California?

4. What methods are desirable in further occupying the Mission field?

5. What has been done to satisfy the need for land?

6. Where are the Indian reservations in California? What counties have the largest number of Indians? What counties have no Indians. (See Map.)

7. What is the status of the liquor problem as regards California Indians? What is the state law on the subject?

8, What is the greatest requisite in securing legal protection?

III.

ORGANIZATIONS FOR INDIAN BETTERMENT.

National Indian Association

A sketch of the agencies which have worked for the uplift of California Indians must begin with grateful reference to the National Indian Association, which has its headquarters in New York City. Not only was the inauguration of the Northern California Indian Association due to the inspiration of this, its parent society, but to its pioneer labors can be traced the opening of many of the present Missions in the State. Of these, Round Valley, Greenville, and Yuma have been transferred to the Methodists; Glenburn (formerly Fall River Mills) was given to the Presbyterians. The Mission at Hoopa, and the work at Bishop, also given to the Presbyterians by the N. C. I. A., were due to the solicitations of the National Society. The stations in the South among the Mission Indians were adopted by the Moravians. Altogether, ten stations in Southern California, and six in Northern California, owe their origin to this society.

The monthly journal published by the National Association, "The Indians' Friend," contains many references to current events among the California Missions, as well as much valuable general Indian news, and is indispensible to those who wish to be informed on Indian subjects. Subscription price, 50 cents a year. Address Mr. T. C. Marshall, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Southern California Indian Association

In April, 1909, the Southern California Indian Association was organized at Pasadena, Cal. While its work has been among the Indians in the South, its sympathies include all in the State and its Constitution covers help for all. The condition of the Mojaves, in the neighborhood of Needles, appealed to the young society and nobly did they respond with money for flour and other necessary articles. But their best work, perhaps, has been a thorough systematizing of the Christmas giving for the Southern Indians, so that

no band was omitted last Christmas. This was a great improvement for, because of lack of information and co-operation, previously, some bands had had too much and others nothing.

The Association is entirely undenominational and its membership open to all who desire to help the Indians of California. For information, address Miss Sarah B. White, 704 Magnolia Avenue, Pasadena, Cal.

The Redlands Indian Association

The Redlands Indian Association was organized as a branch of the National Indian Association, but is now an independent body of friends of Indians. It has been in existence for a number of years and has helped many of the Southern Indians, notably those at Pala, the band moved from their old home on Warner's Ranch. It is regretted that no information is at hand relative to the special services of this society. Address Mrs. W. A. Taltavall, Redlands, Cal.

The Northern California Indian Association

The Northern California Indian Association was founded in July, 1894. It is a Branch of the National Indian Association. Like its parent society, it aims to help our native race to Christian faith, education and self-support. It is interdenominational and any one may become a member by the annual payment of one dollar to the treasurer, Mrs. A. S. Bacon, 99 South Priest Street, San Jose, Cal.

The general activities of the Association have covered a variety of fields. Its first work was helping the school at Greenville, then under the care of the National Association. It founded and supported for four years the Hoopa Mission; bought forty acres for the evicted band at Manchester, Mendocino County, and still continues to send to the teacher a regular monthly allowance for medicines, etc. It encourages the Government Field Matrons in the Northern part of the State by gifts of money for special needs, medicines, and Christmas boxes. It has published and distributed thousands of leaflets on the needs and capabilities of our Indians and, in every way, has sought to arouse public sentiment in favor of "the square deal" for them. It began the work at Bishop, now organized into a Mission by the Presbyterian Board.

The purchases of land for the landless bands, now being made by the Federal Government, are due to the initiative given by the investigations and petitions carried on by the Association and friends whom it interested.

Aside from the Mission at Hoopa, and the attempt to start one at Bishop, the Association has done no direct Mission work, but it has endeavored to aid the Missionaries of all denominations, and the government teachers, by gifts of Testaments, Sunday School supplies, etc. It has tried to keep ever in mind the fact that no effort for the uplift of a primitive, pagan race can avail save as it brings to them the message of the seeking love of the Good Shepherd. To this end, the annual celebration of Christmas is one of the very best means, and the Association would appeal to all who believe in spreading the Christmas joy, to use more diligence, more self-denial, in preparing the boxes for this purpose.

The Zayante Conferences are held each year at Mount Herman under the auspices of the Indian Association. Beginning in July, 1906, each one has marked a higher tide in the development of the Indians attending, and in the plans for their uplift. The mental attitude of the first comers was summed up when one of them said, "Forty years, white men make promises, and no keep promises. Hope all gone, just come to hear." A distinct advance was made when the Indians in Council formulated their "Wants" under the five heads of "Land for Homes; Protection from the Liquor Traffic; Education; Field Physicians; Legal Protection." Land for homes they are getting; protection from the liquor traffic has been begun; Field physicians are still sadly needed, but where Indians live near a Government School or Superintendency, some help has been given. We would gratefully record our appreciation of the generous services of some physicians in caring for sick Indians, but on the other hand, many lives have been lost because of the inability of the Indians to pay the high charges for medical aid. Legal protection can only come when public sentiment accords to an Indian manhood rights in the courts.

Education, particularly Industrial Education, was the other plea. To help meet this need, the Zayante Conference of 1909 resolved to endeavor to establish an Industrial School for the training of young Indians to become Christian leaders of their people.

"Only the Self-Raised Stay Up" was taken as a watchword. It was decided that in "the Industrial School the student should learn to raise grain, fruit, vegetables and stock, and be taught carpentry and blacksmithing, sewing and housekeeping, home making, sanitation and hygiene and the care of person and property, the value of pure air and a pure heart, and the likeness to Christ, while at the same time learning to speak, write and use the English language, and pursue other lines of education necessary to the industrial citizenship and home life of the Indian people.

"The course of training must be adapted to develop the native Indian abilities and fit the students severally to lift up their home tribes. Therefore the Indian student, during his training, should

Indians at Fourth Zayante Conference, August 10-12, 1909.

not have his eyes on the white man's town, but on the Indian rancheria."

Annual conferences, similar to those held at Tuskegee for negroes, should be held on the school grounds for the adult Indians. A suitable location, containing about 500 acres of hill and bottom land, was found at Guinda, in Yolo County, and a generous friend in California gave the necessary purchase money. Friends east and west have responded to appeals for funds and although, as yet, the amounts received do not warrant opening the school, it is hoped that this may be accomplished at no distant day. The Indians are eagerly watching for it.

Could any who are not yet ready to "believe in Indians" have been present at the Conference to which Mrs. John Bidwell brought three splendid specimens of Indian manhood from the Mission among the Nez Perces of Idaho, their scepticism must surely have vanished. James Hayes, Edward Connor, and James Kash Kash were men whom it was an honor to meet; stalwart, straight as the pines of their forest home, dignified, yet with the sweet, childlikeness of true Christian humility, they sat among our belated California Indians, types of the men we hope for from the next generation. Close to James Hayes in his serene strength, sat Eph Cummings, an Indian from Calaveras County. Little past middle life, silent and furtive, his lean, seamed face with its sad hunted expression bore witness to his struggle for the rights of a man, for Eph had nine times made a home for his family, high up among the Sierras, only to lose it to some white man with superior knowledge of the technicalities of the law. Following him to his tent one night, Edward Connor talked with him of the pitiying love of the Father, the redeeming grace of the Saviour, and into this heart, so embittered by the injustice and selfishness of the men of the strong race, stole the sweet thought of that love that marks the sparrow's fall, that suffers with all the suffering ones of earth, and a smile lit up the sad eyes, the scarred face. When he bade goodby to the new friends he had learned to trust, he laid his hand upon his heart and said, "Peace, big peace." He promised to "come next year and bring my little girl with me," but before another conference, Eph had gone from the little earthly home, we reverently believe to that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," "to go no more out forever."

The story of the new Mission among the Colusa Indians which owes its inception to the 1910 Conference will be found on another page.

Indian Industries. The Association has always believed heartily in fostering Indian arts and handicrafts, partly in order to encourge efforts at self-help, and partly to keep alive this distinctively American art-expression. The Secretary of Industries (Mrs.

E. A. Ripley, 150 South Thirteenth Street, San Jose), receives from the Missionaries, Field Matrons and the Indians themselves all over the State, baskets of all weaves, sizes and prices, which she carries for sale for their benefit, the Association not endeavoring to make any money, but simply to find markets.

Auxiliaries. The Association has two Auxiliaries, one at Middletown, the other in Fresno County, with membership in several towns. The work of the former is outlined in the sketch under that heading. The Fresno Society has done valiant service in connection with the Baptist Mission Board, for the Indians at Auberry. The Association would urge friends of Indians, whether living close to them or not, to organize and work unitedly, as far more can thus be accomplished.

The seventeen years of the Association's work for California Indians has but deepened belief in Indian capacity, trust in Indian manhood, hope for Indian future. The "Indian problem" in California is far more seriously the "white man's problem." The Church in California is lagging behind the much maligned Federal Government in efforts on their behalf. This Mission field right at our very doors is white unto the harvest. "Where are the reapers?"

For information in regard to needs and methods, address the Corresponding Secretary, Miss Cornelia Taber, Saratoga, Cal.

GOVERNMENT FIELD MATRON STATIONS.

Requa, Humboldt County—200 Indians

Rising in Oregon, the Klamath River winds its way to the sea through Siskiyou and Del Norte Counties by way of a deep, rocky canyon, the precipitous sides of which afford scant foothold for a human being. Here and there small benches of alluvial soil on the river bank give space for one or more Indian cabins, these little flats increasing in size as the river nears its mouth. In the last sixty-five miles of its course, there are found from 500 to 600 of the Lower Klamath Indians. Fortunately for them, white immigration has been limited, and those living well up the river have been less contaminated than most of our Indians. But this immunity has not been the good fortune of those living near its mouth,

where a fishing village with its cannery affords both occupation and temptation in plenty.

When Miss Marie Johnson went to Requa, as Field Matron, in 1906, she found some of the old slab houses with their round doorways still in use. Most of the homes, however, were "white men's houses" with one or more rooms. Home-made furniture and a cook-stove made the interiors comfortable. Few of these homes are accessible by wagon road, so, by day and by night, in winter's storms and summer's heat, she journeyed up and down the river in a frail canoe. Sickness and its needs opened doors; a lesson in bread-making or the cutting and fitting of a new dress gave opportunity for much counsel in self-help and higher ideals.

An idea of the varied calls upon her judgment and ingenuity may be gathered from one of her letters:

"Let me tell you what I have done today, and on the Sabbath, too. A woman called last night to know how to make white bread. I told her, but this morning she came back and asked me to come and help her. I went and we started some yeast together, though I was rather dubious about my ability in that line. I put on a bold front, and will go up this evening again. Further, I talked the fashions with some others, showed them all (?) my belongings, as it was their first visit. They all want dresses like mine, so hereafter mine will be very plain—for selfish reasons if no others! I told lessons from the Sunday School chart you sent, to three girls—I will not call them listeners; played at hide and seek with two little girls, and recalled all the ingenuity I ever possessed in making paper dolls; then I had baked beans for dinner, and had enough for a family of ten, and took some to an old blind woman, who made my heart happy because of her appreciation; then I started an adult pupil with his work this evening.

"There is nothing private about the house, and every Indian that calls is very observant, and I make it easy for him or her to see everything. I was pleased to have one young woman go home and scrub her floor one day, after seeing me wash mine."

In this outpost of civilization, there is not a church within many miles, so Miss Johnson promptly started two Sunday Schools for her white and Indian neighbors. May the lessons taught on the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man bear abundant fruit! Much the poor creatures need the comfort and guidance of a Power stronger than themselves. The dances, both white and Indian, have proved snares to unwary feet, and one of Miss Johnson's self-imposed duties has been to attend these festivities in her capacity as an officer. At such times she has confiscated bottles of whiskey, protected innocent but weak girls, and helped women to get their drunken husbands home safe. This co-operation of the Indian women has been reached only in the past two years, and

marks an advance in character development.

Another phase of her work has been the encouragement of parents to send their children to the public school, where, in this sparsely settled region, the Indian children are not unwelcome additions to the school population. Older boys and girls have been helped off to the big training schools. When they come home, they are a real assistance in the uplift of their kinsmen.

"Too bad Kismus no come summer time," said one old Indian, as he braved the winter storm of this coast region to come to the festival. In spite of the inclemency of the season, however, Christmas has come to be an eagerly expected occasion. At first, it was all receiving, but the spirit of love and giving has come to these Indians and now some of them get up little trees of their own and make gifts to each other.

Like the rest of us, the Indians are beginning, under Miss Johnson's wise management, to have a "safe and sane Fourth." The "explosive" most dangerous to them, as always, is the whiskey that flows so freely into an Indian camp, and with it come all sorts of demoralization. But an invitation to a picnic proved attractive, and games and innocent fun changed the usual saturalia into a real "good time." Now the Indians contribute to the lunch, and families come, bringing white table cloths and dishes of wholesome, well-cooked food.

Some of these Indians own allotments which are valuable redwood lands. These are now being sold by the Department for their benefit. The sums received will enable the Indians to improve their houses and buy farming utensils and animals. All the Indians who have arable land use it well, raising potatoes, beans and corn.

This spring, Rev. S. C. Gilman from Hoopa, visited this region, and it is hoped that it may be made a regular station of the Presbyterian Mission at that place.

It is much to be regretted that Miss Johnson has been obliged to relinquish this work. Her successor will be Mrs. Hamilton, who has helped Miss Johnson at times, and will be able to continue it along the lines of character development which have made Miss Johnson's work so successful.

Lookout, Modoc County—400 Indians

Modoc County in the far Northeast, has the unfortunate distinction of having gone without $1400 of county money rather than allow Indian children in its public schools. Its Indian population of about 750 is scattered among its almost inaccessible hills and valleys. Many of them received allotments in days gone by, but while these look well on a Government map, they are practically

worthless, and the Indians do not pretend to live on them, but eke out a precarious livelihood, as laborers for whites during the short busy season, or in logging during the long, hard winters. In the extreme Northeast corner, the Government School at Fort Bidwell is a point of light, but it draws its pupils more from the Piutes of Nevada than from the Pitt River Indians of Modoc, for the two tribes do not assimilate well, and a mountain barrier shuts it away on the western side. A day school at Likely was established a few years ago and is a blessing to the Indians of that neighborhood, and down in the Southwest corner of the big county, at the little hamlet of Lookout, is one of the Field Matrons, Mrs. Marion E. Wolf. Perched on the hills, surrounding the valley, some of her Indians have their litle cabins, but her "parish" stretches for forty miles in all directions. Her Indians are all poor, disheartened by the well high hopeless struggle to keep soul and body together, deprived of their old resources and unreached, in this wilderness, by the opportunities of more thickly settled communities. Starvation of body and soul are the conditions against which Mrs. Wolf wages her single-handed fight.

As "Old Pat" said to her, "Big Chief Gov'ment, pitty hun'ry—no brekmus today, no dinnah, may be pitty soon die—inside—hun'ry—" Old Pat was a trusted messenger of General Crook's in the troublous days of the uprising, and the General promised him a pension, but it never materialized. When the outbreak was over and the treaty made, the weapons of war were buried, and the Indians placed their bows and arrows below the stronger arms of the whites to remain so for fifteen years, when Crook assured them they would receive their reward in the ratification of the treaty. There lie the bows and arrows, and the Indians still dream of the ratification of the treaty. Pat used to walk with messages from Fall City to South Fork, 100 miles, and return. Not alone the old and infirm come to the Field Matron for food, but the able-bodied, trying to work, like the man who begged "For God's sake, get me piece meat, nothing but bread and coffee, I can't hold out to get my wood chopped, and my children cry for meat." Is it any wonder that the tender-hearted Field Matron strips her shelves and stints her own living, to keep the breath of life in her charges? And yet, as she writes, "It is like trying to stem Niagara with a straw." "For this is a people robbed and plundered, they are all of them snared in holes, they are for a prey and none delivereth; for a spoil and none saith 'Restore.' Who is there among you that will give ear to this? that will hearken and hear for the time to come?"

The soul hunger is as keen. The Indians beg for "church." Mrs. Wolf writes: "Gambling is becoming a menace, and illicit whiskey sellers are making inroads that the Mission could help to abate. These people have no object in life. I think they meet and

gamble just to be together and visit. If we had a church, their interests would veer its way. As long as my Indians stay at home and do not have company, they are good, but other Indians are beginning to visit and bringing their diversions along. The sooner a new interest, a vital interest, is brought to them, the better. **Help these people. Send them the white man's comfort. His follies and vices they have. Administer the antidote."**

Mrs. Wolf writes of her "Council Room,' so arranged "that whether I am here or away my people can get in, build a fire and be at home. I have an old home-constructed desk with paper and pencils, so that they can write or draw (those of them who can), and I have books for them to look at, pictures, etc., and I should be glad to get magazines. They think it fine to have a room of their own and feel quite important to be able to walk in and 'fire up.'"

Christmas boxes can bring much cheer to the lonely worker. Send good ones and put in packages of cocoa, and other nourishing food for the old and sick. "Anything from a shoe string to an overcoat." And be sure to prepay the freight as far as possible and then write to Mrs. Wolf and find out what extra charges she has to pay for staging and refund those. She wrote of having to pay $1.65 on one package, "which," she said, "took a sack of flour from one of my old people," for she spends every penny she can spare for them. Send by mail everything that can be so transported. These rules apply to all stations.

Eureka, Humboldt County—250 Indians

"Well, now, I cannot help thinking, at least for the Indians living in these parts, that their hope for eternity is not as bright as if they had never seen a white man." So wrote an old friend of the Indians around the shores of Humboldt Bay. Three hundred or more in number, scattered in little hamlets, some on land that they had bought, some but squatters on white men's ranches, all poor, many degraded by the white man's whiskey, these Indians seemed in need of a friend to help them rise above the waves of poverty and sin that threatened to engulf them. And such a frind, they found in Mrs. Alice M. Peebles, who, with her Missionary husband, came to live among them as Government Field Matron. Experienced in a previous Missionary field, they have faithfully visited the Indians in their large and scattered territory, cheering the despondent, caring for the sick, carrying a message of love and hope. These Indians are among the number for whom the Government has bought land, and happily Mrs. Peebles wrote: "Saturday, Sept. 24th, 1910, was a great day. Land was allotted to the band on Eel River, at Table Bluff. I have been saying a good

many times, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' There were Indians on the place very early in the morning. One woman said she got up at 2 o'clock in the morning, so as to be ready to 'git land.' She had a long walk, too."

Middletown, Lake County

A Sunday School under the trees! That is the way it began at Middletown. Just a few Christian people with warm hearts who gathered the Indians of their neighborhood under the trees, God's temple, and told them about the Father and the Home above and the way to get there, but lives were changed, little cabins began to take on a new cleanliness, there was less idling about, less drinking.

So the white friends joined together as an Auxiliary of the N. C. I. A. and went to work. Christmas came and a tree was made ready and the Indians flocked to the celebration; so much was this gathering enjoyed, that later, socials were held, which meant good

times and ice cream, both as attractive to Indians as to white folks. And now, with one of that faithful band as Field Matron, and the new homes in prospect on the Government purchase of 108 acres, these fifty Indians are fairly started on the up grade. There is wood on the land for houses, better houses than the old ones, and enough, too, for a chapel that can also be Council House, reading room, sewing school, and, in fact, a shelter for all the nice things that Mrs. Johnson plans for her Indians. One home seemed hopeless. The new-fangled stove, so much more complicated than the old camp fire, would not draw. What could be the matter? The wise woman "investigated" and found a family of mice cozily domiciled in the lower part, thriftily provided with her store of acorns. An "eviction" followed, and the stove was all right. Lessons in orderliness, some shelves put up to hold their belongings, were appreciated, and later visits showed their effect. In other places the mystery of refractory sewing machines was explained and their preference for fine cotton instead of No. 10.

Sometimes the well laid schemes for the Indians' advantage have "gane aglae," but anyone looking back to the beginning and out upon the present can see substantial improvements. For example, there is Tom Johnson, fine, stalwart man, honest and kindly, giving his children the "eddication" he missed himself. Said Tom at Mount Hermon, "Tain't very much difference 'tween white man and Indians; just only dark skin. Our heart just like white man's. You Christian people, you find anything better, you s'pose you go back? We feel the same. We need school, eddication. We need church. We don't like see our chillun go in saloon and all that. I thought whiskey greatest thing in the world; white man drink it—best thing in the world! One day we sit at the table—we had sittin' table—I make my promise to my wife, mother, chillun: 'This last drink I goin' to have.' My cousin say: 'I bet my hat in six months you be drinkin' again.' I say, 'Might as well give hat now.' That been six years I never drink; I never seen hat yet! I was come to San Francisco. I work there nine months, I catch cold. White man say to me, 'Go in saloon, get cocktail (that what he call it), and take before bed.' I say 'No, I rather go dead 'fore I drink that stuff again.' What use man's will if he go break word to wife, mother, family?" "Man's will" has proved but a broken reed in many a time of temptation, but Tom learned at Mount Herman to trust in the strength that never fails, and his life bears witness to his faith. And there is dear old Loretta Manuel, a treasure in the white home so fortunate as to have her ministrations. Winter and summer, no more faithful attender is there at the Presbyterian Church of which she has become a member. Of all the work that Mrs. Johnson has done, however, perhaps the one that is nearest her heart is

the training of sweet Alma Yee. Taken from the disorder and demoralization of the camp, two years of living in Mrs. Johnson's home and attending the public school and church have awakened the soul in Alma, and she is eagerly pursuing her studies, perfecting herself in all household arts, fitting herself some day to be a Field Matron. Alma has given her young life to her Master, and dedicated herself to the uplift of her people. Already she is a great help to Mrs. Johnson in caring for the sick. "If all the Indians were like Alma," say the people. Are there not many who might be, if given Alma's chance? Certainly it is proving so with Alma's sister. Wild as a young deer, it was sometime before Lela gave up the unbridled freedom of the camp and settled down in Mrs. Johnson's home to go to school and Sunday School, but the victory is won and Lela will be a woman to be proud of. Some people have one talent and some another. Mrs. Johnson's is "mothering." So now she is planning to add to a little house adjoining her own and bring in from the rancheria some six or seven girls whose parents are anxious to have them "like Alma." They can attend the public school near by, go to Sunday School and be trained in household duties in the little home. Christmas boxes must bring clothing for these girls, and it is hoped that the comparatively small sums needed for maintenance will be given by those who hear of these girls, so that they may have a chance to be "like Alma." Will you be one?

Are there not other places in California where a few people with the love of the Good Shepherd in their hearts, will go out into the wilderness of an adjacent Indian camp, and seek **"till they find"** the lost sheep of the fold? In no way can they come closer in spirit to Him who "went about doing good."

Is thy cruse of comfort failing?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.

NEVER THOUGHT

It takes time to think about Indians. After the school at Greenville had begun to arouse the people to the capabilities of their Indian neighbors, a good woman said to the teacher, "Why, do you know I often saw these children trudge past my house, barefoot, in the winter mud and snow, and **it never occured to me that an Indian could feel cold."**

Tuolumne, Tuolumne County—200 Indians

Up among the high Sierras of Tuolumne County live some 200 Indians, scattered in small groups. They pick up a scanty living, but there is much poverty among them and they have been sorely neglected. The shutting down of some of the mines made it a difficult matter for white folks to make both ends meet, and even with good intentions, there was not much left for the Indians. And there were not always the good intentions which Indians appreciate as well as the whites. Poor old Limpie and her daughter had lived in a tumbled down cabin which at least protected them from the worst of the weather, but Limpie was ordered to "move on," and out into the bleak mountain winter she went to seek shelter as she might under the lee of an old blanket pinned up against the wind. A pitying friend gave her food and clothing and efforts were made for her housing.

These Indians found good friends in the Episcopal clergyman of Sonora, Mr. Wheeler, and his deaconess, Miss Dorsey. Christmas was made a time of rejoicing; sewing classes were organized among them; some of the children induced to come to Sunday School. Both of these friends, however, left the county. In April, 1911, Miss Eleanor Tebbetts was appointed Field Matron, with headquarters on the land recently purchased by the Government for the Indians near Sonora. As in other places in California, the Indians are responsive to efforts on their behalf and the prospects are good for them. As there are not enough Indians to justify an independent Mission, their religious needs should be met by the local churches.

Coarse Gold, Madera County—300 Indians

Coarse Gold, Picayune, Fresno Flats, who knows them? Hidden away back in the mountains, far from the railroad, quite apart from the ebb and flow of the great tide, they still hold their tragedies and their merciful comedies. Scattered amid the forest-clad mountains, five, ten, fifteen miles apart, reached only by steep, execrable roads, live the Chukchansi Indians, who are under the care of the Field Matron, Mrs. H. M. Gilchrist. Very poor, very ignorant she found them when she came among them two years ago. When she asked one very intelligent Indian if he knew anything of God, he replied: "White man swear by him." Drunkenness was well nigh universal among them, a dozen men at a time lying drunk outside a saloon. Patiently, hopefully she went to work. She fitted up a good-sized room in her house with seats, table, books, pic-

tures and, best of all, a phonograph (the delight of Indians' hearts), and here she entertained all who came. She began sewing classes, and the women all came, one of them trudging five miles with her heavy baby on her back. Poor little woman! deaf from the effects of a beating from her miserable drunken husband, and with four children to support. This meant sometimes, washing gold in the creek in winter to get food for the little mouths. She visited the little huts, ministering to the sick in body or soul. One young girl desperately ill with pneumonia lay on the ground one rainy winter day, with nothing under her but a strip of matting. Hurrying home for bedding, she took the blanket from her own bed and came back, got the girl into the house and made her comfortable, then fought the disease for days and conquered. Many a sick one had reason to bless this "Lady of the Lamp." Sunday by Sunday, she went down to their little settlements and the Indians gathered in and around one cabin or another, filling them to overflowing, and listened with shining eyes as she told "The Old, Old Story," new to them. "Why not somebody tell us before?" queried one woman. "If somebody tell us before, I guess all Indians be good by now." Good soil for the seed of the Kingdom it was. Soon the man, a terrible drunkard, who only knew of God as the One "the white man swear by," gave his heart to this new found Friend, and began to live a sober life; an Indian woman, sick and sorrowful, entered the way of Peace and, when the Messenger came, she said to her husband, "Be good, Billie, I'm going home." And Billie gave up the drinking and set out on the path that will lead him to that same home above. A man was coverted and offered his services as interpreter. A larger room for the services was needed. One day an old Indian came to her and said, "You know my room down Pacayune?" "Yes, Dick." "You can have that for church if it do." "How much you charge?" questioned Mrs. Gilchrist. "Oh, nothing," said Dick, "if you want to teach Indians there." Soap and water were freely used, and Mrs. Gilchrist wrote, "My Indian friends are very proud of their little "church," and have attended regularly. Sunday after Sunday, every Indian living within ten or twelve miles, has been present, except one or two who have been ill. Picture to yourself the little rough building, twelve by eighteen—one half window and a narrow door—the Indians sometimes over seventy, trying to crowd in somewhere, women and children sitting on the floor, as closely packed as they can be, men on the rough benches trying to occupy as little space as possible." A new ambition for education awoke among them, and Mrs. Gilchrist gave two days a week to teaching. Young and old came. The Fourth of July drew near with its traditions of drunken frolics. But the attractions of the phonograph and a lunch proved enough to keep them out of harm's way and the day passed quietly. "Why, even

Saw-Neck George was not drunk. I never thought it would be possible," said a lady to Mrs. Gilchrist.

"Did I ever tell you about my first Sunday at Fresno Flats?" Mrs. Gilchrist wrote. "I went up there on Saturday and intended going out to the principal rancheria on Sunday morning and having a little talk and holding service. On Sunday morning I looked out and saw a number of Indians coming along the road. Old men and women, young women with babies suspended from their heads, children, both boys and girls, all coming into town. I went to the gate and spoke to the foremost one. 'Good morning,' I said. "Good morning,' he answered. I said, 'I was just coming out to your rancheria to make arrangements for holding church, I am sorry that none of you will be at home.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'we have all come in for that, we heard you up here, and we thought you have church if we came.' We had a nice little time at my house, and since then I have service for them regularly. A week ago Saturday we had a party there. They provided part of the refreshments and I part. We had it under the beautiful trees and we all enjoyed it. I took my phonograph and gave them quite a concert.

"Poor old Chimpi has never missed a service since I started. She is such a bright-eyed old woman. She was a very bad drinker, used to lie around Coarse Gold for days at a time, quite intoxicated. She never drinks now, but is very quiet and good. Charlie says she is a 'true believer.' She speaks very little English. She is very happy, you can see it in her beaming face; all the time I am talking through Charlie, she responds and comments very happily.

"The little homes and gardens are taking on a new air of thrift. Adorning and fixing up seem to be the fashion. I take them all the pictures and little things I can get and they are most gratefully received. The children look very much more cared for. It is touching to me to have the poor women carry presents of corn, beans, berries, etc., five or six miles for me. I always accept them gratefully. I do not offer them pay, but, of course, make it up to them later.

Sharp contrasts are found among these Indians. "There is one Indian who homesteaded a place back where no white man would like to live. He cut his own road round the side of the mountain, quite a specimen of engineering skill, has a comfortable house, twenty head of cattle, eight horses, wagon and spring wagon, lots of hogs and chickens, a fine garden, peach and apple trees. He pays his taxes. He is a fine fellow and very good to other Indians. He never drinks. He says it is good to be a Christian and he means to be one." Take the other picture. "Ever since I have been up here I have felt badly about a little Indian girl, named Pallas. I never saw a child have such a life, Indian or white. Her father is a notorious drunkard and a very bad tempered man. Her mother

also gets drunk whenever she gets a chance. The poor little girl has spent many a night just outside Coarse Gold crying beside her intoxicated mother. They had no home, not even the poor home of the Indian, living under some live oaks with some sacks or old quilts to make a kind of shelter. Very often the drunken father would run after them all round with his axe, threatening to kill them and then the poor child would hide in the brush. A little while ago, he abused the mother so badly that she left him, and the poor child was worse off than ever. For a whole week the mother was drunk, so I have brought the little one to my house. She is about six or seven and very sweet and pretty. I should like to keep her altogether, but am afraid I cannot afford it."

The need of a suitable building to serve as chapel, schoolhouse and "Council house," became so imperative that Mrs. Gilchrist appealed to friends for funds to put up a rough building 20x26. This necessary amount was raised, and a collection of sixty dollars taken up at the Zayante Conference, will provide the plain furnishing. A little girl gave money for muslin curtains. School supplies will be needed. Pictures and illustrated books, too, and more records for her Edison phonograph. And a magic lantern with slides of Bible history and other subjects. Who will help?

THE INDIAN SCHOOL BY THE GARCIA RIVER.

Manchester, Mendocino County—80 Indians

A more ideal location for a school for "forest children" could not be found. Far below winds the river, overhead the tall redwoods lift their spires, the branches drooping protectingly earthward. Alas, the poor Indian, he surely needs protection!

But let us go into the little schoolhouse. A picket fence surrounds a garden—the children's garden—where roses, pink, white and red, are nodding in the breeze. The school room is of medium size and contains the usual furniture—desks, blackboard, and best of all, an organ. The teacher rings a bell and up the steep bank the dark skinned children come. School opens with reading. Today it is Romans, 13, 7-10, and then the children sing "Somebody."

Somebody did a golden deed,
Proving himself a friend in need;
Somebody sang a cheerful song,
Bright'ning the skies the whole day long;
Was that somebody you?
Was that somebody you?

Sometime previous, Miss Brown, the teacher, had read to them about the childhood of Hiawatha, and now she turns suddenly to them and asks, "How many of you remember anything about Hiawatha?" "I do," "I do," they answer. "Very well, here are scissors and paper; you may tell us through paper cutting what you remember about Hiawatha," and she hands the children some scraps of bright colored paper, and all the boys and two or three girls go to work.

In a few moments we see old Nokomis sitting in front of the wigwam with Hiawatha in his cradle. A little later, Hiawatha, his canoe, and the birch tree appear; then the reindeer and the squirrel materializes before our eyes. Miss Brown tells us that these children had received no suggestion as to what they should do, nor had they ever received any instruction as to the manner of doing it. They used no pencils to block out their designs—nothing but their imaginative little brains and dexterous fingers. And these are Indian children with no one at home to praise or encourage them.

Then Miss Brown shows us the sewing done by her girls, for they are taught to make their own clothes. She tells us of some of her boys and girls who are away in the big training schools, but most of her pupils get all their education in this little day school by the Garcia.

In the afternoon Miss Brown takes us into some of the homes of the children, poor little cabins, comfortless enough for the well, and pitiful to a degree, for the sick; and there are sick ones—some old people, some, alas, bright, young girls upon whom the scourge of our Indians, consumption, has fastened. One, little Betsey, never complains, always saying, "A little better," but we cannot but be sure that soon her little day will close, and she will flit away to the land where "the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick."

So the days go by for this faithful teacher, who is friend, physician, adviser, Sunday School superintendent, for these Indians. More than that she has been, for this band was one of the "evicted" ones. Some years ago they agreed with a white man to clear his ranch in return for forty acres of land. The Indians fulfilled their contract, and, while the original owner lived, they were not molested in the little homes they had made. But at his death, his successor ploughed up their gardens and told the Indians they must leave. Where could they go? Miss Brown determined to care for her flock. Finding a suitable piece of land adjoining their old homesite, she became personally responsible for the price, and then she came to San Jose and told the N. C. I. A. about her need. Friends in Philadelphia responded to appeals, and the cabins and schoolhouse were moved over. There was very little bottom land, so the Government has now added sixty-five acres, and these Indians will again have gardens and orchards.

We can see plainly from the story of one little day school what a blessing these spots of light may be, in the darkness of an Indian rancheria. All honor to the faithful teachers! But does it not offer suggestions to the white neighbors? The care, mental, moral and spiritual of a band, is a heavy burden for one woman to carry. What better Mission field could the Christian people of a community find than this one so close at hand? To every soldier in the army of the King has been given the command, "Go," for every one is there a place in the ranks. We have the word of Bishop Whipple that "Indian Missions pay better than Missions to any other heathen people."

Campo, San Diego County—190 Indians

Sixty-four miles back into the great mountains of grey granite, one goes from San Diego; up, up the steep grade, then down by a winding stream and up again to a level stretch. Clinging to the rocks, finding nourishment as they may, are multitudes of flowers and shrubs, and as one looks down, there are little green spots set amid the grey expanse—bowls where the precious moisture is caught and held. Fair and still lies one of these mountain oases, but one shudders to hear that it was the scene of one of the recent struggles, for over that hill yonder runs the Mexican border line. Suddenly we come to a broadening out of the pass and there is Campo, with its old two-story store, for the thickness of whose massive walls the inmates have more than once had occasion to be thankful. Here also is an attractive hotel and some government buildings. An almost level drive of a few miles further brings one to the land recently purchased by the Government for the Campo Indians, and to the pleasant hospitality of the Superintendent and Field Matron.

Things have improved for these Indians since the time, some ten years ago, when word came that "the Campos are starving." Too true it was, and only by means of the supplies of food and clothing rushed into their mountain home was the band saved from extinction. There are about two hundred of them and their poverty is great and their needs many. A Field Matron, Miss Seward, is faithfully working among them, but she has no supplies of medicines, sewing materials, food for the sick or the hundred other tools which enable a Field Matron to cope with the difficulties of her task. The Government has bought a fairly good tract of 1200 acres of sufficiently watered land, and school buildings are under construction. The Superintendent, Mr. Charles G. Rakestraw, and the Field Matron, are doing all they can, but they must have the help of friends of Indians to enable their charges to get on a self-support-

ing basis. The band is nominally Roman Catholic, but as the priest comes but once or twice a year, they receive little assistance from him, in guiding these Indians.

QUESTIONS

1. How many Field Matrons are there, and where are they located?
2. What kind of women are needed in such work?
3. Describe the work done at one of the stations.
4. How can the white neighbors help?
5. What do these workers need?

IV.

MODERN MISSIONS.

Colusa, Colusa County—75 Indians

It was a troubled and sorrowful company of Indians that gathered that morning in 1851, by the banks of the Sacramento River, to treat with the accredited representatives of the American Government for a cession of part of their lands to the whites. Old Chief Scioc leaned sadly on his staff, as he looked out on his band, one thousand strong, to be sure, but helpless in the face of the power which he felt behind those few men in blue uniform. Every year more and more settlers had been pressing into his valley, usurping by right of the strongest, the choicest sites. Now here were these men who told him that "Washington" had sent them and in the name of the "Great Father" they promised him and his people assured possession of a good piece of their old domain, farming utencils, tools, clothing, horses and cattle, and a teacher to show them "the white man's road." It was hard, but he knew it was the only safe course, so the old man counselled submission and with much ceremony and the breaking of bread, the treaty was signed. A tract of 28,000 acres, extending fourteen miles along the Sacramento River, by three miles wide, was set apart for the Korus (Colus), and the other articles were promised. Slowly the years dragged by, old Scioc died, disease and semi-starvation decimated the tribe, until in 1900, the survivors, about a hundred in number, were found, some near Grand Island, huddled together on about four acres of land in a wheat field, surrounded by a barbed wire fence. It had been one of the burial mounds of their ancestors. The sanitary condition was appalling, their only water supply, a well ten feet deep among the graves. Another band was living on a levee, some twenty miles distant. "Do they think we are birds and can live in the trees?" asked one old woman of the friend who discovered their plight. "The mills of God grind slowly," but at last, the Korus have a home, for they are one of the bands to whom tardy justice has brought a recompense. Not the 28,000 acres solemnly promised and now worth from two and a half to three million dollars, but a little tract of forty acres by the side of the river. On this they have built their tiny cabins and here Captain Odock, a not unworthy successor of old Scioc, put up a schoolhouse with a room

in the rear in faith that somehow the teacher would come. It was with a mighty plea for a "teacher," that he came to the Zayante Conference at Mount Hermon in the summer of 1910. No one could listen unmoved to his earnest words, and with one consent, the Conference, in five minutes, pledged the salary for a teacher for six months. The merciful Father who had never forgotten His red children had sent two of his servants to that Conference, and when this call for service came, they recognized His voice and responded. And that very afternoon, taking the captain to their tent, they showed him the way, and he gave his heart to his Savior and became a "Jesus man," as he straightway went down and told his companions. By October, Rev. F. G. and Mrs. Beryl Bishop Collett were on their new field. Much sweeping and cleaning made the little schoolhouse habitable, but just then fell the severe blow of an attack of typhoid for Mr. Collett. Weeks of hovering between this world and the next followed. Weeks when Mrs. Collett bravely opened the school alone. In the mercy of God, Mr. Collett was spared, and the work broadened. School, day and evening, to which everybody came, old and young; Sunday services, where the Bread and the Water of Life were offered to hungry and thirsty souls; then, as Spring opened, energetic gardening. Six new houses were built. Generous gifts of fruit trees and vegetable seeds were received from nurserymen, and the little homes took on an air of thrift. Best of all, some twenty-three definitely started on the Heavenward way. As Captain Odock says, "Now we is somebody. Got schoolhouse, teacher, preacher, meetin's and our own life. I have gone on ahead to find light for my peoples. I want them to follow as fast as they can. We've been in awful darkness. Now we see a light. I want we go ahead be like other folks; go make something of ourselves." A "Hiawatha Society" for the men and a "Minnehaha Society" for the women give opportunities for training in economics, thrift and self-government, and a "Ramona Society" in literary branches.

The time for which the small salary was pledged is now expired, but arrangements are making for the permanent care of the Mission. Just such a Mission is needed in many, many places in California, among Indians just as hungry for the Bread that satisfies, just as sadly groping for the Light that can shine out of darkness and give them the glorious light of Life. Volunteer workers are coming to receive training in Mission methods and to carry the message into outlying stations.

The Little Papoose Delegate to the International Sunday School Association.

Chubby, laughing little Lena Mitchell, with eyes as big as saucers, and as black as coals, has been the star member of the great International Sunday School Convention. With complacent dignity her mother, Daisy Lowell Mitchell, held her up to the admiring view of that great sea of faces, calmly turning her around as each section of the audience and platform demanded a view.

The bids ran high, a thousand dollars was pledged for the International Sunday School work, and the little brown papoose who

only the day before had been dozing on the bank of the creek was made a life member of the great International Association.

Late in the evening, the day before that, the bystanders at the town of Williams, near which is one of the Indian rancherias, under the charge of Rev. and Mrs. F. G. Collett, were startled into a curious amusement by the arrival of Mrs. Collett and her announcement that she has come to get a "squaw" and her "papoose" for the convention. The first point of humor to the crowd was that she should imagine for a moment that one of these shy-eyed, silent, brown creatures would go, and the second, that she was expecting someone to take her out on a thirty-five mile jaunt into those mountains to bring back the charges by the noon train the next day.

But undaunted, the Missionary replied, "Daisy will go with me," and by the kindness of Mr. J. W. Forgeus, that genial, big-hearted man of the town, the mountain trip was made in good time. Two of Mr. Forgeus' beautiful teams, and a saddled pony, where the roads were impassable, were made use of. An appetizing breakfast was served by the Chinese cook in the picturesque mountain home, en route to the Indian rancheria, where, rolling in the sand, her chubby hands full of gravel, the little prospective life member lay kicking her brown heels in the sunshine, all unconscious of the great world calling her. And Daisy, her mother, with that sweet confidence she had in the little white woman who had come to be a mother to her, gathered up her tiny bundle of clothes, and the blanket, rolled in which she had slept night after night under the stars on the dewy ground, and, twining the cords of the Indian basket tightly, fold after fold, around the baby's blanketed feet, she climbed up into the carriage, and started with her little papoose for the noisy city in the great world beyond.

That night, when she saw the big brass bed with its soft mattress and warm covers, her brown face beamed as she said, "Ground so hard; I sleep better here." But poor Daisy was disappointed that first night, for the next morning when asked how she slept, she answered, "I no sleep; too much noise."

And noise enough Daisy had found. The feat of getting the little papoose and her mother across Market street and in and out the stores to buy supplies, with the admiring crowds closing in on every side, was no little one to the missionaries, yet the mother, interested and alert as she was to see all of this great new world, bore herself with that calm dignity and undaunted composure which her ancestors have handed down to her; and the little brown baby, with wide-open eyes, bestowed her wondering gaze upon the pressing crowds around her as if to say: "You are no more interested in me than I am in you," vouchsafing the most winning of smiles when someone especially pleased her little ladyship.

B. B. COLLETT.

Malki or Morongo, Riverside County—280 Indians

To Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's stirring story, "Ramona," must be given the credit of awakening a deep interest in the condition of the Indians of Southern California. The secularization of the Catholic Missions caused these poor people to scatter amongst the mountains and the valleys, where they made for themselves homes as best they could on unoccupied lands, and, thrown upon their own resources, eked out a scanty living. Being unprotected in the tenure of their lands by the U. S. Government, the onward march of the white man drove them further into the foothills, and when the Government did finally give them reservations, they were, for the most part, placed on lands too poor to tempt to avarice of the whites.

In 1888, The National Indian Association sent a representative to study the needs of these scattered Indians, which resulted in a resolve to open a Mission amongst them. The authorities of the Moravian Church were appealed to for workers and the Rev. William H. Weinland and wife, who had seen pioneer work in Alaska, were selected for this task.

In July, 1889, Mr. Weinland began his work on the Morongo Reservation near Banning, making frequent journeys also, to other reservations, preaching the Gospel, encouraging thrift and frugality, and trying to save both the bodies and the souls of these Indians. There was little of what might be termed civilized family life amongst these Indians. The marriage relation was not regarded sacred. Woman's position in the home was not that which Christianity accords her. There was little knowledge of the dignity of labor, for the Spanish contempt for the laboring man prevailed. To correct this, Mr. Weinland went to work on the five acres, granted to the mission on the Morongo reservation, cleared the land, planted deciduous fruit trees to which the land and climate were best adapted, and gave the Indians in whose midst he and his family lived, an object lesson of what could be done. The Mission home was open to the Indians, with the view of planting in the minds both of the men and women the germ thought or desire for the making of Christian homes. The results have been gratifying and far reaching. Every couple belonging to the Mission has been legally married and there has not been a single separation or divorce. There is real family home-life. In every home there is a sewing machine, and instead of walking while her husband rode on horseback, the wife is now given a place in the family buggy. The Indians have taken to fruit growing, and numerous well-kept fruit ranches dot the reservation from which the Indians make a very good living.

The Desert (Martinez) Riverside County—220 Indians

One of Mr. Weinland's preaching places was in the Colorado Desert below Indio. Here the condition of the Indians was pitiable in the extreme. Without water for irrigation, the desert sands produced nothing but mesquite beans, which constituted almost their only means of subsistence. Being convinced that this desert formed a great artesian belt, Mr. Weinland and the National Indian Association appealed to the Government for an appropriation for the sinking of artesian wells. The first well proved a failure. Then the Moravian Mission put down a well, which proved a success, and more appeals for an appropriation were sent in to the Government. Today, the Indians have about twenty-five good artesian wells scattered over the reservation, and the result has been a wonderful transformation. The Indians are raising cantaloupes, water melons, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, not only for their own use, but also for the market, and alfalfa, for which the climate and the soil of the desert are particularly well adapted, is a source of considerable revenue to the Indians. These desert Indians are building neat, comfortable homes, and when we take into consideration their former deplorable condition, their improvement in this short time, promises well for the future. The Mission station on the desert is located at Martinez, and the Rev. A. C. Delbo and wife are the Moravian missionaries in charge.

Rincon, San Diego County—160 Indians

Twelve miles from Pala, on the San Luis Rey River, in San Diego County, lives the third Moravian Missionary couple, Rev. and Mrs. D. J. Woosley. Mr. Woosley has three preaching places, Rincon, La Jolla and Pechanga. The work in this field has been very difficult, but there are not wanting evidences that the leaven of Christianity is working.

Hoopa—450 Indians

Far away in the Northwest, nestles beautiful Hoopa Valley The Trinity River winds through its centre, while on either side rise the great mountains. Comfortable homes amid fruitful orchards and luxuriant grain fields, give an air of prosperity to the scene, while, clustered at one end of the valley, are the buildings of the Government Boarding School, and near by, the Chapel and Missionary Cottage of the Presbyterian Mission. Sunday mornings

BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL
SANDFORD FLEMING LIBRARY

see the chapel filled with reverent worshippers and sweet Christian hymns rise from the dusky congregation. "What hath God wrought" in these twenty-one years since the story of Hoopa's degradation and woe became known to the world outside! Isolated beyond its mountain wall, accessible only by trail, Hoopa Valley had been the scene, first of secluded Indian homes, then of a mining inrush, followed by an Indian outbreak, in 1862, the coming of soldiers, the establishment of a fort, and the return of such Indians as could be induced to come in. The story of Billy Beckwith, the Christian Indian, on whose piety, even lawless white men, declared there was "no discount," his efforts to lead his people straight in spite of the awful conditions around them, his own broken home when his pretty young wife fell a victim to the white man's wiles, his night journey out of the Valley of Destruction, with his three little girls—all this is known to many. At Hydersville, kind friends took him in and there some years later he met Mrs. Dorcas J. Spencer of San Francisco, who was travelling in the interests of the W. C. T. U. Realizing what her white ribbon symbolized, he begged her to go with him to see his people. "And then," he said, "you can talk." Over the rough mountain trail, forty miles, she went, with Billy for guide, and she found matters even worse than he had represented. Returning to San Francisco, she "talked" to much good effect, that at last, "Washington" was roused and Dr. Dorchester was sent to investigate. His report more than confirmed Mrs. Spencer's story. The fort was abolished and a school established in the old barracks. So the ground was cleared of weeds, but still no sower of the good seed came, in spite of Billy's daily prayer that the Lord "would send the Bread of Life to his people." The moral restraints of their old religion had been broken down by the white man's vices, and the old, dark superstitions of witchcraft, "Indian devils," feud and hopelessness, held them in fear and dread. The first "light bringer" was Miss Emma H. Denton, who went as kindergarten teacher to the school. Patiently, tactfully, she began to teach the children. Soon, the Northern California Indian Association had the pleasure of opening the Mission so long prayed for. Rev. L. P. Armstrong of San Jose was the first missionary, followed by Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Goddard. Loyally, Miss Denton aided these workers, finally asking for a transfer to Field service that she might help in the work in the homes. Too soon, the summons came, and she sleeps beside the little church, itself her monument.

After supporting the Mission for four years, the chapel, cottage, etc., were given to the Presbyterian Board, and they sent in Miss M. E. Chase, under whose faithful care the work has broadened and deepened.

Miss Chase writes: "There were 435 Indians in the valley in

1901, and the numbers remain about the same. The aged are fast dropping off, but the new generation of adults are proving themselves equal to the demands of life. Most of the arable land is used annually for crops of hay, grain, potatoes, corn, beans, etc., and more distinctly garden truck in less quantity. A few of the more advanced men have herds of cattle, sometimes reaching the hundred mark. James Marshall sold nearly $1,000 worth of cattle on foot this year, and twenty-five tons of hay at $20 a ton. Mr. Marshall might take a stand among his white brethren and suffer no whit by comparison, but he prefers to stay by his own people and use any advantages that may be his in their uplift. His wife is a woman of rare Christian spirit, rearing their family of seven boys

The Marshall family at their home.

and one girl in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Strong, sturdy, fair-minded, fine looking men, are her three oldest boys, and the younger ones are behind in the race only in years. A true missionary is Mary Marshall, carrying her Bible and her Christian message to the old Indians who cannot understand English." Mrs. Spencer tells a pretty story of how James Marshall kept back a whole gang of peach gatherers for half an hour while he carefully replaced a little bird's nest which had been accidentally dislodged from one of the trees.

"Ten years ago there was hardly a buggy or double light wagon in the valley. Now it is the exceptional family that has not one or both of these luxuries. The homes are improving in like manner. There are twenty or more two-story houses, most of

which shows signs of adornment, flower gardens, etc. The men and women dress in becoming style, no gaudy colors, or showy ribbons. The Government has a boarding school where not only Hoopa boys and girls are housed, fed, clothed and taught, but nearby tribes send their children. There are from 160 to 200 children in attendance usually. The Mission unites in holding a Sabbath School. In 1905, Dr. W. B. Noble and Rev. Arthur Hicks organized the first Presbyterian Church with twenty-eight members, twenty-three of whom were Indians. In spite of many deaths and removals, the membership increases until today, we have thirty-four members, with many young under instruction as catechumens. Rev. Samuel C. Gilman came to the field in September, 1908. With his help, work has been extended to reach outlying Indians as far north as Orleans on the Klamath and Willow Creek in the opposite direction. Miss Funk has been in the Mission nearly four years, and is a great help at the Mission house. The Holy Spirit is at work in the hearts of the Hoopa Indians, and in the near future, they will be well equipped to take a hand in our great body politic. The young men and women who come home from non-reservation schools bring into the homes great benefit from their instruction abroad. Some of them are good carpenters, all can do more or less in house construction. One native has full charge of the electric light plant, others work at shoe-making, gardening, etc. The girls take very kindly to dressmaking, many of them owning $70 sewing machines. The most remunerative occupation for the women is basket-weaving. Many hundreds of dollars are brought into the homes by the sale of the pretty, dainty Hoopa baskets, but this industry is doomed, I fear, as the women apply themselves more generally to the work of civilization. They live as we live, cook our foods, and wear our styles of clothing, all of which absorb more time than their own primitive manner of living. The white plague has claimed many victims among these Indians. Climate and the Indian custom of hovering over a fire in a close room, as soon as disease shows itself, have made hygienic measures difficult, but the present doctor at the Agency School is planning a strong attack upon this disease. The Indians themselves, at last, appreciate the great necessity of the fight and will lend a helping hand as far as they know.

"The religious tone of the Hoopa Indians is decidedly improved in recent years, and manifests itself in more regular and general attendance at church. It is the rule to prepare for Sunday on Saturday. Clothes must be clean and arrangements made for Sunday lunch or dinner. One of our most devout Christians went to her reward a short time ago. Not a word of English did she speak, but nothing but ill health kept her from her much-loved church. During my absence in the summer, she declared it was

all dark, 'no light, I want that light talker to come home.' Her presence in the audience was an inspiration to the speaker. She was always in her seat an hour or more before the service and was ready with a warm smile of welcome the moment the door opened to let the missionary in. Two of our Christian women are most earnest co-laborers with us. They are veritable Good Samaritans, caring for the sick, ministering to the needy, interpreting to those who hunger for the Bread of Life, but who cannot understand the English language.

"The young people who have come home from far-away schools are calling for Christian work and I trust the time is not far distant when they will organize themselves for active, aggressive work among and for their own people. The Harvest truly is white."

Glenburn, Shasta County—350 Indians

In the northeast corner of Shasta County, amid mountain and stream and forest, linger the descendents of the Pitt River Indians —redoubtable fighters in their day. Some three hundred of them scattered in ones and twos and little groups, down on the fertile meadows or up on the hillsides, form the "parish" of the Presbyterian Mission at Glenburn.

Opened in 1899 by the National Indian Association, this Mission was transferred to the Presbyterian Board the following year.

More fortunate than most California Indians, many of these have fairly good allotments. A few old people still inhabit shacks made of slabs, but most have little cabins. But, "oh, the poverty of these cabins!" writes the missionary, Mrs. Gay. "One small room is the rule, sometimes two, and in one room often as many as a dozen live, cook, eat and sleep."

Let us visit one of these cabins. It is the "home" of one of Mrs. Gay's best and brightest parishioners. "One room, twelve by fourteen, rock fireplace at one end, a tiny window and a door. Next to the fireplace on the floor is a jar containing sour dough for the bread and some food wrapped in rags. There is no table. The thin mattress like heavy comforts, quilts and caseless pillows, are piled against the walls on the floor; a shelf or two in the corner holds some baskets and traps, and a sewing machine stands against the wall. They sit on the floor, and when I visit them, give me a piece of log of the right height. The clothing hangs upon the walls and on a long line stretched across the room. This family consists of the father, mother and six children, the eldest, a young man. Here they have lived for years in winter, but when summer comes they leave the premises to the horde of rattlesnakes that infest the place. The encouraging part is that they have recently

added another room, and are going to get a cook stove. They mean to plant some fruit trees, but as this is a poor allotment, mostly lava rocks, the abiding place of the rattlers, not much can be made of it. When the children dine at the Mission, their table manners are excellent, and without awkwardness. A few of the Indians have tables, chairs, bedsteads, dressers and phonographs, and one has an organ!

"The men make a living by working on the ranches and chopping wood. Most of them have to run accounts during the winter and pay when the work comes on again. The women do washing and make baskets. Very few have gardens, for when the man gets work at a distance the entire family migrates. They catch and dry fish in winter, and in the Spring the women dig roots and dry them for food. Wild fowl is plentiful in season.

"From the Mission radiates all the Christian influence that reaches these people. There is Sabbath breaking on all sides, no church for whites or Indians within many miles. There is a good attendance at Sunday School with very good attention."

Last winter she wrote: "Yesterday it snowed and was so cold I thought no one would come to Sunday School, but we had sixteen. One woman with six children walked a mile and a half. The snow was several inches deep. There are two Indians who have been Christians for years. One of these is very particular in Sabbath observance—will do no hunting nor fishing upon that day. He is most forgiving. A man became angry with him some time ago and burnt down his house, which was nicely furnished. In talking to me about it, he said, 'He do wrong, I must do good. The Lord say to me in my heart, "You must no be mad at anybody." 'I speak to this man and no feel mad at him. I try to have my wife forgive, but she no do it.' What but Christ in the heart could bring such forgiveness? One man tells me he is trying to live as the Lord wants him to, and that he prays every day and will drink no more. He has been a hard drinker. One of the girls, now at Sherman Institute, has been baptised and has united with the Y. W. C. A. She has two more years there and may she be so 'rooted and grounded' on Christian faith that she will be a power for good among her people when she comes home!"

A lonely spot this, for the missionary, and she sorely needs our sympathy, our prayers and our help. In winter, the thermometer sometimes goes down to 14 degrees below zero, yet her errands of mercy have to be made to distant places. She needs medicine for her sick, clothing for her old people, and a grand good Christmas for all. Boxes should go in very early, for after the heavy rains set in, freighting costs a cent a pound. Mail packages are best when possible.

Chico, Butte County—70 Indians

Few people who know anything about Indians are unacquainted with the beautiful work done for and with the Indians at Chico by General and Mrs. John Bidwell, and it is with especial pleasure that the Northern California Indian Association claims her as Honorary President, as well as Western Vice President of the parent society, the National Indian Association. The following story of Chico is based upon manuscripts kindly placed at the editor's service by Mrs. Bidwell.

When General Bidwell came to survey Rancho Chico, in 1847, he found the Indians almost as wild as deer and wholly unclad, save for the apron of tule worn by the women. He gave them clothing and taught them to wear it, and they soon became expert in making garments for themselves and so pleased with their new possessions that they wore them night and day. He set the men to work clearing land, and found them excellent laborers. Mrs. Bidwell writes: "When I arrived at Rancho Chico in 1868, the men were expert vaqueros, plowmen, teamsters and were always the drivers of the header wagons for the grain fields. They could run furrows at sight without error. They also worked in the flouring mill. They received the same wages as white men. The women mended sacks and gathered seed wheat, which my husband bought from them. They also gathered garden seeds and small fruits, for he immediately planted gardens and orchards. They have been self-supporting ever since. Their food consisted of elk, deer, antelope, sand hill crane, quail and the finest of salmon. The brodiaea, a variety of lily, was their potato, and they used other roots as food. Acorns produced their principal flour for bread, from which they removed the astringent property by filteration. With this meal they many times mixed grasshoppers or locusts. The grasshoppers were roasted, wings and legs removed, and then pounded into meal. A portion of Fremont's party that got lost in the snow crossing the Sierras told my husband that they came upon some Indians who had furnished them with some delicious bread, resembling gingerbread. The demand from the soldiers became so urgent that the Indians did not have time to remove the legs and wings of the grasshoppers and properly prepare the bread. The soldiers said they lost their relish for the delicious gingerbread flavor when they discovered its ingredients.

"When I came, I found the Indians located on my husband's grounds within a stone's throw of his residence, where he had brought them to protect them from wicked white men. Rancho Chico was not the home of these Indians, they being located on adjacent land, but my husband recognized that his coming drove

away their game and placed them under bad influences, and that it was due to them to remedy these evils as far as possible. Early in the morning of my arrival, my husband conducted me behind some shrubbery, where the village was spread out in full view, the houses like old-fashioned, dome-shaped, straw bee-hives, with no opening save the one on top, through which entrance and exit was made by aid of a ladder of saplings, said opening being covered in time of rain. This aperture admitted light and air and was the sole exit for smoke from the fire, which was in the center of the room, on the ground. Bunks made of saplings and built around the walls of the room were used instead of bedsteads, and bear skins, deer skins, etc., for bedding. The houses were made by excavating to the depth and dimensions desired; saplings were fastened in the ground and bent to form the dome, and were bound together with willows, etc., and so constructed that the earth which had been removed could be made into mud and form the dome roof. When I appeared in sight of these Indians, many were seated on these domes, but they vanished from sight in a mysterious manner, some dropping down the hole in the roof as skillfully as frogs into the water, others disappearing in the shrubbery. A few years since an Indian told a friend of mine that they thought when they saw me that I was an angel and one of the women tried to touch my dress to see if it was real, as they had never seen such gauzy goods and I was slight and small. As they believed they did see angels, there was not anything surprising except that I looked more real to them than any they had ever seen."

(We who know the loving and successful work of Mrs. Bidwell among these Indians will not consider this estimate far in the wrong, but it took some years for the Indians to learn to know her.)

Mrs. Bidwell says: "After years of fruitless efforts to become acquainted with them, I decided to try a plan successfully used in the East in mission work in the slums, of giving clothing to those who would make it, provided they would come to the Mission School. So by taking the cotton goods to the village and holding it up in the way to excite their curiosity and retain their interest, and by gesture and words, I made them understand that if they would come up to the "mansion," I would show them how to make clothing, which they could have for the making. To my great joy, women and children to the number of twenty, appeared, and from that moment we were friends. They would sometimes come as early as seven in the morning and stay until twelve. With amazing rapidity they soon equaled anything I could do, or show them of needlework and a weary woman I was cutting out garments to keep their needles busy. In an astonishingly short time women over forty years of age could read and were especially fond of the Bible, and when they first heard the story of our Saviour's cruci-

fixion, many a head was bowed and buried in aprons, with which they wiped away their tears. The first hymn I taught them they learned so readily and sang so perfectly on their first effort, that I was overcome with amazement and emotion."

Shortly before the school was opened, the Indians were removed to a larger plot of land, where they could have little orchards and gardens of their own, and the new houses were built of wood, with roof and window and ordinary door.

Even in their paganism, these Indians had a belief in a beneficent Power Above, and a hereafter. In their dances, prayers mingled, "He is talking to God," explained a woman to Mrs. Bidwell. Amid the weeping, wailing women at a "Burning," stood one girl, motionless, with hands outstretched Heavenward, in pleading attitude and her eyes uplifted, "thinking of those in Heaven," she told Mrs. Bidwell later.

"Another way they had of praying for game, and life as well, was a 'Secret Lodge Ceremony.' The Indians have an Indian Mason Lodge, called 'Hoo-ko.' This is the highest branch of the lodge and they run down from that. There is the 'Circle Moon,' and the 'Circle Sun,' these two being equivalent to the three links of the I. O. O. F. of Americans, and the Odd Fellows recognize the grip. In this Lodge Ceremony all the members join in the prayer, which is all by sign language. The prayer is made as follows:

"All the members stand with both hands lifted and the eyes turned Heavenward. The number of open fingers denotes the number praying, and if there are a great many present, more than ten, the hands are raised in a rotary motion to denote a great cloud of prayers.

"The hands are next raised higher and brought together, then the right hand is brought down to the heart and the left is still held up, but is curved toward the head. This position signifies 'Great Spirit, give me a clean heart.'

"The right hand is then raised and curved toward the head, left hand brought to the right side, then both arms extended horizontally, and this signifies, 'Great Spirit, cast out the evil spirit.'

"Both hands are then closed over the closed eyes, arms extended out and up, as if in pleading, and this signifies, 'Great Spirit, make us see good with both eyes and soul.'

"With the hands gripping the chest and then suddenly thrust upward means, 'Thank you, Father.'

"While they had a certain amount of light they lacked the knowledge of the Saviour. It was religion of legality without a Redeemer, yet with a consciousness of God's goodness in giving them the blessings with which they were surrounded." Quietly Mrs. Bidwell had sown the seed of the Kingdom and almost to her surprise, as it began to spring up, the Indians demanded a "church

house." The little church was built and from that day until her health demanded rest, Mrs. Bidwell has been their much loved pastor. Sunday by Sunday, she has broken for them the bread of life; in sickness and in health, she has been their sympathizing friend; she has taken the little ones in her arms and dedicated them to God; she has stood by the open graves and told them of the "many mansions" in the Home above. One of them said to her, "We don't cry now like we used to. Cry just a little because we know about Heaven; more about God." One blind woman suffered such acute pain that her hair turned white in a few weeks, but no one ever heard a murmur from Lizzie. She would say to Mrs. Bidwell, "My friends come to see me now, they sing beautiful songs and they say, 'We are coming for you soon, but we don't know how soon.'" The light upon her face as she would tell Mrs. Bidwell at various times of those visits, was as light from the other world.

No story of Chico Indians would be complete without reference to Maggie Lefonso, the sweet Indian girl whose life bore promise of such great usefulness. Mrs. Bidwell says of her: "From Maggie's earliest years I fixed on her to become a leader when I should be removed from that position. She was unusually bright, mentally, and very vivacious, with sparkling black eyes and a dignity of manner mingled with winsomeness. At twelve years of age, Maggie asked me to have her baptised and received into the church. This was done and a more consecrated life than Maggie led from that day until 'God took her' I cannot conceive of. She became a student in the State Normal School at Chico, where her progress in her studies and her unusually fine character won for her high commendation from the faculty and students. Her voice was so surprisingly beautiful and full that she was the one chosen to sing on special occasions. She was a dearly loved member of the Y. W. C. A. of the Chico Normal School, and many times elected their delegate to the annual conferences. Speaking of her delight in the conference and its surroundings, Maggie wrote: 'Although one feels this love for the place we know and realize our personal work elsewhere, and I am so thankful that the Lord has chosen a place for me.' She was often in request at missionary meetings and W. C. T. U. meeting, where her sweet, consecrated voice melted the hearts of her hearers. A ministering angel, she went among the sick and suffering. 'The blind and aged ones are well and always happy when I make my calls. When I was away these dear aged one thought I would never return again and began to feel very sad, saying they would never have any one to go to in their sorrow and when in need.' From the time Maggie was thirteen years of age, she became her father's housekeeper and the guardian of her younger brother. She could not have been over sixteen when she

occupied my place as pastor in the church and village, which she continued to do until her death. One day Maggie came to me and said that if I consented, she wished to get married! Two short years of happiness followed and then the summons came to Maggie. Truly God's billows went over us in this affliction. Her husband, Joseph Mitchell, has grown into a wonderful Christian."

In every Indian camp there are the "blind and aged ones" who need some sympathizing friend "to go to in their sorrow and need." Would that there were more Maggies, whether of white or Indian blood!

In September, 1908, Rev. James Hayes, the distinguished Nez Perce evangelist, who was Mrs. Bidwell's guest, held a series of meetings in the Mission, which were very helpful, indeed, in strengthening the Indians in their faith and in presenting Christ from the Indian standpoint of simplicity and with true Indian eloquence. The Indian Christians who had hitherto united with the Presbyterian Church of Chico were now organized into a church of their own by the Synodical Superintendent, Rev. W. B. Noble, D.D., Rev. G. W. White and Rev. James Hayes. One of their own number, Mr. Santa Wilson, was elected and ordained an elder.

Indian Missionary Society. Feeling that the time had come when the Indians should learn to give, Mrs. Bidwell suggested that a Missionary Society should be formed, explaining that a Missionary Society was an organization to pass on to others some of the good things we have ourselves received. They asked a week in which to consider the matter, and the result was the formation of such a society. At their meetings, which were conducted by a president elected by themselves, they had a programme, prayer, hymns, Bible reading, with exposition by the President (an Indian). These expositions were often very thrilling in their eloquence and spiritual insight. At the close of these services, the Missionary Record Book was opened and the Indians invited to come to the pulpit and deposit their offerings, which was done with great solemnity, each waiting until the other had returned to his or her seat. Mothers carried their infants with them, the little ones having their gift tied in the corner of a handkerchief, which had been put into the little one's hand. All who gave were enrolled as members of the Society, and a record kept of the amount of each gift. Their object was to send the Gospel to neighboring Indians and aid in building a church.

North Fork, Madera County—300 Indians

Sixty-two miles northeast of Madera, up 3,000 feet in the Sierras, you will find a group of Mission building amid glorious, old pines. A Macedonian call came from these Indians for help,

and in 1903, a home and school for girls was opened under the care of the Presbyterian Synod of California. Forty acres of land were bought and a little house on the ground enlarged to accommodate a dozen girls. Here they are taught simple English branches and household industries, sanitation, hygiene, and above all, Christian faith and living. Boys and girls come into the school as day pupils and whole families camp on the ground in order to allow the children to attend. One of the mothers asked, "Why don't they do something for us?" So a Saturday afternoon class was organized, to which twenty or more came, men, women, big boys and girls, busy during the week.

These Mono Indians live in little scattered clearings they have made with infinite patience and labor, among the giant trees; building their little cabins, planting orchards and gardens. Too often has come to them the dread order to leave, because some white man had taken a fancy to reap where the Indian had sown. They are an industrious people, willing to work for a living, but they ask fair treatment.

Up to the past year, the Indians have attended the Sabbath services at the Mission School, but then the Home Mission Board sent Rev. Alexander Hood and his wife among them, and regular services are held. There is now less drinking and gambling on that day, the men spending the Sabbath with their families on the Mission grounds. A number who live at a distance come on Saturday and camp over. For some months, services were held under the trees, but, through the generosity of a friend in Santa Barbara, $500 was given for a chapel which was increased so as to erect a two-story building in which will be dormitories, kitchen and dining-room, as well as schoolroom and chapel.

Like all Indian Missions, it needs friends to help with the innumerable requirements of the work. It is a cold country in winter and plenty of warm clothing, bedding, etc., are in demand, both in the school and for the poor and sick in their tiny homes.

In time it is hoped that the Mission will be a self-supporting one. The Indians appreciate the help they have received and show a willingness to help others. The first appeal was made to them not long ago for money with which to send the Gospel to their Indian brothers, who have not had the privileges they are now having. The first Sabbath, forty dollars was pledged. The next Sabbath, a father, accompanied by four boys, went up to the minister's house, and in single file, the youngest boy first, and the father last, each handed in his contribution. The boys each gave fifty cents or a dollar and the father five dollars.

Surely this is an encouraging field.

Bishop, Inyo County—500 Indians

"Do send us a missionary. Nothing can be done to stem the tide of drunkenness, gambling and immorality among this people until they are taught the Gospel."

This was the cry that came up, year after year, from the faithful Field Matron stationed at Bishop, Inyo County, Cal.

"East away from the Sierras, south from Panamint and Amargosa, east and south for many an uncounted mile, is the "Country of Lost Borders.' Ute, Piute, Mojave and Shoshone, inhabit its frontiers, and as far into the heart of it as a man dare go. There are hills rounded, blunt, burned, squeezed up out of chaos, chrome and vermillion painted, aspiring to the snow line. Between the hills lie high, level-looking plains full of intolerable sun glare, or narrow valleys drowned in a blue haze."

Skirting the eastern slope of the Sierras, runs Owens River, spreading verdure and healing, till it loses itself in Owens Lake, whose waters grow alkaline and useless under the pitiless sun. But along the upper reaches of the river lie the habitable lands, and here have dwelt the Indians from time immemorial—up and down the valley, and out among the painted hills and off on the sandy waste of the desert, one thousand or more within the limits of Inyo County, living in little settlements of from twenty-five to four hundred, wherever work and a bit of land may be found. The old seminomadic life, with its freedom and abundant food supply has been more and more circumscribed as the white men have taken up the arable land and drawn off the water of the river. To be sure, some Indians have secured allotments, mostly, however, without water rights. Little board houses have to a great extent taken the place of the brush wickiups, and harvest time brings an opportunity each year, for work and good wages. But, side by side with these material gains, have come the white man's whiskey and the white man's immorality, which, added to the Indians' native vice of gambling, have produced a condition worse, morally, than when the white men entered the valley, fifty years ago.

Some fifteen years ago the attention of the Young People's Department of the National Indian Association was called to these Indians, and, co-operating with the Government, a school was established at Bishop. Government schools were also opened at Big Pine and Independence, and faithfully did the teachers work to counteract the debasing influence of the frontier.

Hoping to reach the home life of the Indians, Mrs. Randolph, the teacher at Bishop, asked to be transferred to the Field Matron service. Earnestly she worked for the Indians, holding sewing classes, visiting the camps, caring for the sick, helping them to get

Home and wagons owned by an Indian.

Wickiup, an old-time Indian dwelling, now becoming obsolete.

their allotments, and she has had the satisfaction of seeing these Indians advance decidedly in material things. But work as she might, for the uplift of these people, the white man's fire water flowed freely, the white man's temptation multiplied, and old and young shared in the resulting demoralization and the plea for a missionary received no response until, in the Spring of 1908, the Northern California Indian Association, in conjunction with the American Sunday School Union of the Pacific Coast, sent in a young student missionary. He was welcomed by the Indians and a work for God well begun. Among the Indians was one young man whose heart seemed deeply burdened with the needs of his people, and he readily responded to the suggestion that he accompany the missionary back to Los Angeles, to receive training. Under the kindly influences of the Bible Institute, his heart opened like a flower to the dew of Heaven, and the boy returnd in the Spring with a definite message for his people. He said: "All the Indians seem to know that I have something that they have not got. I hope to do a work among my people that no one has ever been able to reach. Not by myself, mark you, but by the work of the Spirit of God that dwelleth in me." In time he will go to his people with the bread of life, but for the present, he must be trained in wisdom and knowledge.

In the Winter of 1910, this field was taken by the Presbyterian Board of Missions, and the Rev. W. N. Price and his family took charge. Wisely locating themselves near the Indian camps, Mr. Price has labored faithfully and successfully. He has preaching stations at Bishop, Big Pine, Independence and Round Valley. Thirty-nine Indians have been baptised by the Rev. W. N. Price, and an Indian church organized by Rev. W. B. Noble, and we feel sure that it is "Dawn on the hills" of Panamint.

Round Valley—650 Indians

A beautiful, fertile valley of perhaps 25,000 acres, in Mendocino County, Round Valley was thrown open to white settlers in 1873, leaving five or six thousand acres of valley land with 100,000 acres of grazing land adjoining, for the Indians. About six hundred of these lived in the valley, with a small number in the mountains near. They belonged to the Concow, Yuki, Pitt River, Potter Valley, Little Lake and Redwood bands. A Senate Investigating Committee visiting the reservation in 1884, found that 97,000 acres of the Indians' land were being used for grazing purposes by nine white men, who had never paid a cent during twelve years of occupancy, thus defrauding the Government and the Indians of a rental valued at $30,000 per annum. The Government had, during that

time, paid out for the support of the six hundred Indians, nearly $242,000, while the Indians who could have made $10,000 a year had they possessed their own stock ranges and the herd of one thousand cattle which they had previously had, were with difficulty, able to support four hundred. The Agent was buying fifty or sixty thousand pounds of beef from the very men who were fattening their herds on the Indians' pasture lands. These Indians spoke English, some could read and write; all had adopted the white man's dress and house, could raise their own grain and vegetables, and were a quiet, sober, industrious, tractable people, save as they came under the influence of a low class of whites and rum-sellers who infested the borders of the reservation. There were two Government day schools which were later merged into one boarding school. Upon the earnest recommendation of Senator Dawes, the National Indian Association opened a Mission for this people, the first Protestant Indian Mission in California. Two splendid women came from their far eastern home to take charge. Two Sunday Schools, sewing classes, much house to house visiting, a literary society, were welcomed by the Indians.

After being well established, the Mission was given, with its four acres of land and a cottage, to the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society, and later to the Methodist Board of Missions. At the present time there are fifteen members of the church and twenty probationers.

Ukiah, Mendocino County—140 Indians

About one hundred Indians at Ukiah live on a ninety-acre tract two miles from town, which they bought for themselves some years ago. Low and ill drained, it is far from sanitary, like many another Indian rancheria. Better off than most of our Indians, there is plenty of work for them sheep shearing, hop picking and work in the vineyards. They have had the benefit of a school and Mission for some time. The Government day school was organized by Dr. Dorchester and has had the good fortune of being presided over by the teachers who were real missionaries at heart and ministered to their charges in soul and body.

The Mission was established in 1891 by Rev. J. L. Burchard, at that time pastor of the Methodist Church in Ukiah. Faithfully, he labored among them, later becoming Superintendent of Indian Missions. The Indians trusted him implicitly and he did much good among them. Rev. L. Shillinger followed him in the Ukiah Church and he, too, was much beloved. He held revivals among the Indians and cared for them individually, proving himself that boon all Indians need, a, a real friend. The church at Ukiah built

a combined church and schoolhouse for the Mission. Rev. J. N. McAllister is now in charge of the work and has organized a Sunday School, in which a number of white people of Ukiah teach classes. About sixty Indians attend the Sunday School, and one hundred or more come to the preaching services every other Sunday.

Potter Valley, Mendocino County—70 Indians

The Potter Valley Mission, under Rev. Mr. Wilson, ministers to the sixty Indians of that settlement. Like those at Ukiah, they are Pomos. A few have joined the church and there is a small class of probationers.

Manchester, Mendocino County—80 Indians

In 1893, the Rev. W. P. Grant, then pastor of the Methodist Church at Manchester, was on his way to church one Sunday morning, when he met a number of Indians trailing along the road. Somehow, their need impressed him as never before and he resolved to go down to the rancheria that very afternoon. He went, was kindly received by the Captain, and promised to come often. This he did, taking time to teach the Indians. Finding them hungry for knowledge, he wrote to Washington and obtained promise of a teacher's salary. While East, next summer, he persuaded Miss Ella Brown, an experienced teacher, to return with him. From that day to this, Miss Brown has been the devoted friend of this band. Under the stimulus of her teaching and encouragement, the young people have taken kindly to industries, the girls with the knowledge she has imparted, giving satisfaction in domestic work and the boys in farming. These Indians are industrious and law-abiding, and if the pastors who fill Mr. Grant's place could do as he did, and carry on regular work among these seventy-five Indians, doubtless a church could be organized.

As Miss Brown is a Government teacher, her work is reported under the heading of "An Indian School on the Garcia."

Upper Lake, Lake County—300 Indians

Upper Lake in Lake County, is the largest non-reservation settlement of Indians in Northern California. There are, according to the last Government Census, 180 Indians in the rancheria. The land belongs to the Indians, having been bought by them

These Indians are Pomos and, like all the tribe, noted for their fine basketry. As civilization encroaches upon the wild lands, the

materials used in basketry become scarce and difficult to obtain. Added to this, is the growing disinclination of the young women to spend the time on a basket which would bring a higher return if otherwise employed. For these reasons there is great danger that this beautiful art may become extinct. Every encouragement should be given by those who desire to keep it alive, by helping the Indians to obtain fair returns for their work.

The Mission among these Indians was opened in 1891, by Rev. J. L. Burchard. During the twenty years that have elapsed, ninety-five persons have been baptised, eighty-five have joined the church and twenty-eight Christian marriages have been celebrated. The work is now under the care of Rev. H. H. Buckner, who understands Indians and can win their friendship, and is therefore successful. He is ably assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Risley, who love the Indians and give much time for their benefit. Regular Sunday services are held, and a mid-week meeting also.

There is much sickness, particularly tuberculosis, among all the Indians of these Missions, and there is great need for a hospital where they may receive the care that would give relief from suffering and, in many cases, save life.

Smith River, Del Norte County—150 Indians

Away up in the northwest corner of the State, where the rain-laden clouds roll in from the Pacific, is a little public school. Just the same kind of a school as may be found in many hamlets in California. There are white children and Indian children, and together, they study the "three R's." But there is one thing that makes this school different from many others. The teacher believes in her Indian pupils and is willing to take the extra time needed to start them on the royal road. And well do they repay her care. Commencement time comes around and three schools hold their exercises together. The shy little Indians have somehow been given confidence and sing and recite so well that the white visitors look on in astonishment.

Sunday by Sunday the faithful teacher holds a Sunday School for old and young, and now she writes happily of the interest shown by the Methodist pastor, who preaches to an audience of forty or more every other Sunday. A number have already been baptised.

One does not need to be called a "Missionary" in order to help in this work of the Kingdom. Settled on the new land purchased for them by the Government, with an atmosphere of awakened interest on the part of their white neighbors, resulting from Miss Johnson's faithful work, these Indians have, at last, "a fighting chance." Are there not other places where a like service might bring like results?

Yuma, Imperial County—700 Indians

In the southeast corner of California, lies the Luma Desert. Through it flows the Colorado River, bringing fertility to its banks. The thermometer reaches aspiring altitudes in the long, dry summer. From time immemorial, the Indians have lived in the region, a peaceful, agricultural people, dependent upon the annual overflow of the river for their crops, and consequently subject to alternations of plenty and privation.

In 1891 the Agent wrote: "They have reached the conclusion, that if their forefathers had been more warlike, they would now be getting more from Uncle Sam." Ready to work when work could be obtained, less intemperate than most, these Indians however lived a hand to mouth existence, neglected in body and soul. Uncle Sam finally awoke to his duty and the Yuma Reservation lying along the Colorado River was severed from the Mission-Tule Agency and placed under its own agent, a fine man having the interests of the Indians deeply at heart. A good school, well administered, taught the young people, a Field Matron went about among the women, the Agency doctor visited the sick. In 1907 the long-needed levee was built to protect the Indian lands from the flood waters of the Colorado, and irrigation canals dug. Five acres were allotted to each, later raised to ten.

Mission work among them was begun in 1902, the Moravian Missionary at Walters, going twice monthly. In 1904, the National Indian Association assumed the field, sending in Rev. and Mrs. F. T. Lea, who, amid many hardships, hindrances and vicissitudes, laid the foundation for a strong Mission. In 1907, the Mission, with its cottage, stable, pony, metal boat and all improvements was given to the Women's Home Mission Society of the Methodist Conference of Southern California who have continued the work.

The years have brought their harvest, as they always will in well and earnestly cultivated Indian fields. Sunday services have an audience of fifty to one hundred and fifty, and a Sunday School has one hundred attendants. Ten children and one adult have been baptised, and there is a class of sixteen probationers. Wisely caring for the body as well as the soul, the present Missionary, Rev. Mr. Crouch, has provided food and clothing for the sick and aged; answered 2400 calls for medicine in the past nine months, and made over 400 medical calls. The Indians are proving responsive to kindness and the outlook is hopeful. One of the Indian women walks four miles each Sunday, bringing her little child that she may attend church and Sunday School.

Greenville—350 Indians

Indian Valley, in Plumas County, is a beautiful region surrounded by high mountains. From it radiate in five directions, tributary valleys, in all of which may be found little Indian cabins, some on corners of big ranches, some clinging like limpits to the rocky face of the hills with tiny garden patches. In the books of the Department at Washington, these Indians own allotments of varying size, but actual observation finds these allotments high up on the top of the mountains, whither no trail could lead the feet of the happy possessor. These Indians, however, find considerable work, and their houses have improved greatly in the past few years.

In 1890, the National Indian Association was appealed to by a young man living at Greenville, for help to put up a building for a school he wanted to open for some Indian children. This was the beginning of the Greenville School. A little later, the Association took charge of it, and placed it under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Edward N. Ament. A fortunate day it was for those Indians, for they found a true and devoted father and mother in these young people. They went out into the highways and hedges in search of the children, but the shy, wild creatures, distrustful of all white people, fled at their approach, leaving empty huts. One by one the children were lured to the school, and gradually their stories of plenty to eat and good times had their effect, and parents moved over into the valley to be near the school. In time, a dormitory building was erected to meet the need of distant pupils, and the school continued to grow. Beautifully, the influence for good reached out into the home life of the Indians. One woman, whose cabin was a typical exhibition of dirt and disorder, rags for a bed, baskets of acorn mush lying about the floor, free to dogs and children; came frequently to school, where she watched Mrs. Aments's domestic occupations, and peered eagerly through any open door. A few months of this silent observation bore fruit in her own improved living. Cleanliness took the place of dirt; a home-made bedstead with clean fittings stood in the corner formerly occupied by the pile of rags; a good stove, a wall cupboard for dishes betokened civilized meals, and all because of the new ideals she had gained. Hearing that an Indian dance was to be held in the village, Mr. Ament led the school children in a procession, winding in and out among the cabins, finally boldly entering the dance house, still singing, "Take the name of Jesus with you." Going well up to the front, they continued, while, one by one, the Indians crept in. Then Mr. Ament talked to them of the loving Father above, the children sang their hymns until long after the hour for the dance. No dance was held that day, nor since.

To teach the Gospel of innocent good times, the Aments invited all the Indians to a May Day picnic. From far and near, the Indians came on foot, on horseback, in wagons. A May Queen had been chosen from the school, and all present filed in procession past her; then followed a chain dance, where all clasped hands as they passed each other, and men touched hands who had nót spoken for years. This closed with a rush to the river, each carrying a tuft of grass to throw into the swift stream, this signifying that all enmities were cast away to be seen no more. A father brought his wild, tangle-haired boy to the school, begging the Aments to see if they could tame the unruly little chap. Soap and water and the new fascination of books with pictures soon captured the little savage but the bright eyes showed signs of trouble. A hay seed had lodged in one and the doctor had refused the father's plea for help because he could not pay the fee. But Johnnie Jim was brought down to San Francisco to the Children's Hospital and went home cured, leaving the record of having been the "best and most obedient boy in the hospital." Sorrow was entering one of the little cabins and one of the school boys was going on the long journey. Turning to his father he said: "I think I am going away, but teacher says there is a good home there and maybe a nice school and that good man, Jesus." A little later, he said: "Father, I think I see that good man teacher tells us about, and He wants me to come to Him." And, peacefully, out into the dark, went the little boy, with the Good Shepherd, who carries the lambs in His bosom.

Sunday by Sunday, the Indians gathered in the chapel, young and old, and lives were changed by reason of the Message. "What do you teach up at that school?" asked a carpenter. "I used to have to gather up my tools lest they be stolen, but now I can leave them around anywhere and the Indians never touch them."

In 1897, the school was sold to the Government, with the forty acres of land and a fine spring, which the Aments had given to the Association. The Department gladly continued them in the work, but in a year or so impaired health compelled them to resign, to the dismay of the Indians who mourned the loss of their "father." New buildings were erected and the school continued to grow.

The National Indian Association continued Mission work under Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Johnson, who served the Mission with devotion and ability. True to its policy of leaving established work to go on into the wilderness, the Association then gave this Mission with its chapel to the Woman's Home Mission Society of the Methodist church, who continued the Missionaries. A church was organized, twenty of the young people of the school being members. Rev. W. A. Armstrong and wife are now in charge, doing good work.

The great problem in this field, as in many others, is the condition of the old people. The winters are long and very severe, the snow sometimes lying seven feet deep on the level. The children are cared for in the school, but Government makes no provision for these helpless, old people. Christmas boxes should contain warm clothing, bedding and medicines for them, and the Missionaries should have a special fund with which to buy nourishing food. Missionary hearts are tender, but Missionary purses are not long, and should not be depleted by such demands. Isolated beyond their mountain wall, cut off for months from the outside world, serving a field scattered and difficult, these workers should have much sympathy and help from their friends.

Auberry, Fresno County—280 Indians

"Out on the mountains wild and bare," dwelt a band of Monos. No one cared for their souls or bodies; sheep were they "having no shepherd." Into the heart of one woman came a great longing to reach these people, and so the Fresno Branch of the N. C. I. A. was formed. Its first work was to send Christmas boxes to these Indians, who had never had a Christmas before. What more appropriate opening, for a new Mission, could there be than the Angels' song, "Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tiding of great joy which shall be to **all** people," the song translated for dull and hopeless hearts in terms of human brotherhood. Soon the Missionary Society of the Baptist Church in California became interested and two Missionaries were sent, Miss Ida M. Schofield and Miss Emma Christensen; forty acres of land were bought adjoining the 280 acres which the Government had purchased for the band. A tent sheltered the Missionaries and an old building on the Mission premises served for church. They went from hut to hut, they told the Indians of the wonderful Saviour who saves from sin. "How do you know what this Jesus says? How can you get messages from Him? I don't understand what they mean by Jesus." Over and over, the wonderful story was told until they began to understand. "Now I see," said one. "Now I know him", said another. "I find Jesus there." "I give up the old road, I walk in the new road." "I find God and love Jesus, I am going to walk straight." "Ever since hear of Jesus, I pray he help me get good things every day. Don't spend my money bad places. **Just like growing every day."** For Jesus sake the gambling ceased; for Jesus sake, the cup was turned from their lips; for Jesus sake the heart and God's temple were kept pure; for Jesus sake, His day became holy; for Jesus sake, the heathen dance was forsaken; for Jesus' sake they told of his love for others; for Jesus' sake,

every weight and the sin that did so easily beset them were laid aside. It was "just like growing every day," until men,—wicked men—asked, "What has come over the Indians? They will not drink our whiskey; they will not trade at our stores nor come to our ball games. Their women will have nothing to do with us." One of the Indians said, "Before Missionaries come, Indians don't know how to live, all dirty. Now Missionary show us how to clean up. Indians very poor, don't know anything about Jesus. Missionary go in open door, tell all about Jesus and God, tell a beautiful story, so we come outside door and find Jesus." (Their few windows are high, leting in little light. When they want to see things they step outside.)

In sunshine and shadow, the work went on, until in the fall of 1910, the time had come to organize a church. Searching examination tested the candidates for baptism, then the little company clustered around a little pool in the mountain stream and twenty-one Indians solemnly received the rite of baptism. A few minutes later, the circle was formed, the church of God established among the Indians, the right hand of fellowship given, and then the Indians san in the Mono language:

"Oh, how I love Jesus . . . Because He first loved me.
How can I forget Him? Dear Lord, remember me."

A few weeks later, another service was held when two fine Indians were ordained deacons. One of these, William Sherman, has left his comfortable home six miles away, and with his mother-in-law, wife and children, occupies a two room shack near the Mission building in order to be near to help and protect the Missionaries.

"Before Jesus came to these Indians, all days were alike, now they have Sunday, something to live for. A very encouraging feature is that if only one member of a family is a Christian, there are family prayers. The Christians never go to bed without family payers. They never go to work in the morning without family prayer. Their first contribution to Home and Foreign Missions amounted to $25, most cheerfully given, with beaming faces. Later, a collection of $5 for song books was easily raised."

Latest news from Auberry says that the workmen are giving their time to put up the new Mission Cottage. The surveying of the new land bought by the Government is now done, and the bottom land divided up in lots of five or more acres, according to value of land. The Missionary Society are looking for a minister to place at a central locality and work among Dunlap and Burrough Indians as well as those at Auberry.

"What the final race problem in America is to be, human wisdom cannot forsee. That there will be an Indian strain in the future American stock is already proven. As among Irishmen and Spaniards, the black, flashing eye sometimes shows the far-off Phoenician ancestor, so in that composite race who shall one day in our land be the heir of the ages, will be seen the man and woman whose visage will betray the blood of the aborigines; and among them will be great musicians, great artists, and great orators and statesmen. In such, the religious nature will be deep and strong, and so, at least, it will be found that the despised Indian has contributed a not unworthy share to the quality and worth of the coming ruling race of the American continent."

QUESTIONS

1. Give the history and work of one of the Missions.

2. What do these workers need?

3. What can the church do to help? the Sunday School? the Christian Endeavor? the individual?

4. Is the church doing all it can?

5. How can the small settlements best be cared for?

6. What can be done toward solving the Indian problem by an intelligent Christian in Humboldt County? In Modoc County? In San Diego County? In Fresno County? In Los Angeles? In San Francisco?

Books containing information in regard to the Indians of California:

Hittell's History of California.

Publications of Department of Anthropology of the University of California.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam's Indian Population of California.

Powers Indians of California.

George Bird Grinnell.

J. W. Powell, Linguistic Stocks of America.

INDIAN MAP OF CALIFORNIA

- RESERVATION
- ■ BOARDING SCHOOL
- ▲ DAY SCHOOL
- △ FIELD MATRON
- ✳ MISSIONARIES
- ○ LANDS RECENTLY PURCHASED
- · INDIAN RANCHERIA
- ◎ COUNTY SEAT

THE FIGURES INDICATE THE NUMBER OF INDIANS IN THE DISTRICT OF WHICH THE PLACE NAMED IS THE CENTER.

MAP OF INDIAN CALIFORNIA

RESERVATION

BOARDING SCHOOL

DAY SCHOOL

FIELD MATRON

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